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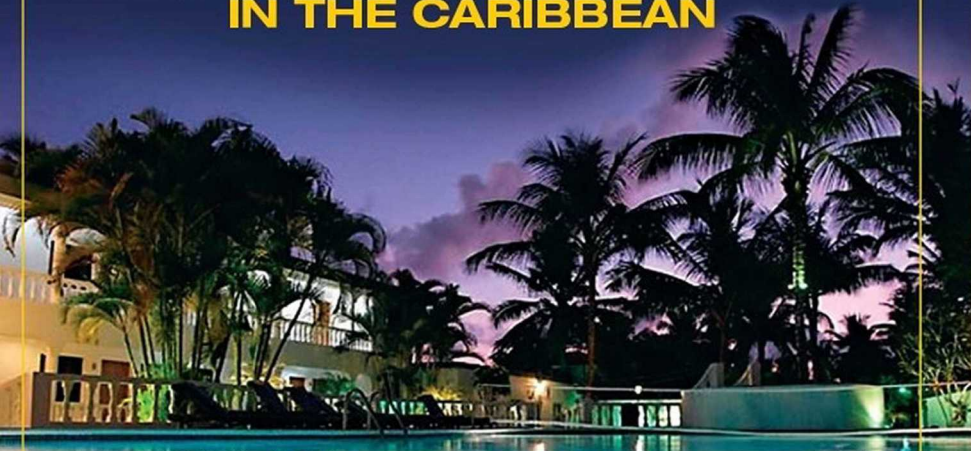

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

These days, all that Republicans do is blurt out angry sound bites about President Obama and the Democrats. Their position on a given issue changes from moment to moment. All that matters to them is how they can sabotage this administration. As Rush Limbaugh admitted, they just want Obama to fail. It doesn't matter to them that this would mean the country also fails.

What explains such insanity? To answer that question you must remember the GOP is under the control of multinational corporations and Wall Street. Given the vast amounts of money at play, it only makes sense that the profiteers are terrified of losing their influence over government. So they send their political representatives out to attack the Democrats any way they can in the hope that something will stick.

Don't get us wrong: We have nothing against companies making money. But elected officials should listen to the people, not a handful of bankers and CEOs. It's time for the GOP to help America succeed—not work to ensure its failure.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

"For all of us to survive, your union workers have to make the same drastic sacrifices that upper management has. I have personally cut my salary in half—from 28 million a year to 14!"

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID

In these tough economic times you have to cut back on a few things, so we've come up with a way to save you some cash. Buy the **Creative Live! Cam Optia** now. How can a state-of-the-art, high-definition Webcam with 1.3-megapixel video resolution, 5-megapixel photo resolution and awesome audio help reduce your monthly bills? The unit is Skype-compatible! Skype is an online service that lets you make free calls (and video conferences) between members. That way you won't have to pay a phone bill! Plus, imagine the gratis Web shows you'll be able to host. See, there's a creative way to save. After all, there is no chance you're going to cut down on the porn.

Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

SUCK IT!

Yeah, yeah, we know not everyone has a swimming pool. But if you do have one, you realize what a pain in the ass it is to clean. Not anymore. The **iRobot Verro Pool Cleaning Robot** does all the work for you. It uses a self-contained vacuum, pump and filter system to remove leaves, hair, sand, silt, pollen, algae and bacteria as it deep-cleans surfaces and the pool water itself. Also, the **Verro** reduces the consumption of dangerous chemicals and shortens the run-time of your pool's filtration system. No need for hoses or pumps. Just drop the gizmo into your pool and let it go! If you don't have a pool? Then drop it into your bathtub. That shit is nasty.

Available at ***iRobot.com***. Suggested retail price: $1,099.

COOL AS ICE

Man, talk about cool. Really cool. Not only do the new **Ice Crystal Clear** compact speakers from dreamGEAR look good, they also sound unbelievable. No surprise since dreamGEAR is known for the iSound brand of compact, high-quality speakers with an affordable price. Powered by an AC cord or a computer's USB, the **Ice Crystal Clear** speakers are perfect for use with your iPod, MP3 player, PSP, CD player or any other portable device.

Available at ***dreamGEAR.net***. Suggested retail price: $39.99.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK BOX

If you're a music fan above the age of 25, you probably have a whole lot of "records" you'd like to put on CD. But most transfer systems feature too many wires and confusing computer programs to get the job done. The new **Crosley Memory Master** turntable and CD recorder combo features one-touch recording. One touch! Just place an LP on the three-speed turntable (or pop in a cassette), insert a blank CD, then hit "Record." Done! The unit, which can transfer any kind of recording format, features a built-in AM/FM radio, multi-function remote and dynamic, full-range speakers. We have to say the **Crosley Memory Master** looks so hip, your lady may let you put it in the living room. The best part is you could get one of these for free. FREE! See details below.

Available at ***CrosleyRadio.com***. Suggested retail price: $449.95.

CONTEST ENTRY FORM

We've got a Crosley Memory Master looking for a new home, and it could be yours. This amazing product lets you transfer your LPs to CDs in just one touch. For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature on a postcard) and send it to Crosley Radio Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *Hustler@LFP.com*.

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

BIKINI BLOODBATH

Onechanbara: Bikini Samurai Squad

D3

Wii, Xbox 360

Hot, scantily clad Asian women slicing and dicing zombies with giant swords? No, you're not dreaming. ***Onechanbara***, which means "Sisters of the Sword," is the greatest video game ever! Choose and then dress your choice of four babes (seven on Xbox 360) for super-sexy battle. The Rage Mode is particularly awesome. The 360 version allows you to strip the ladies down to their panties, and when they're covered in zombie blood, they look naked. Again, we said this is the greatest video game ever!

PLAY BALL

MLB 09: The Show

Sony

PS3, Xbox 360

The most realistic baseball game out there returns for extra innings. ***MLB 09: The Show*** is packed with a higher level of details and realism, not to mention some of the big league's heaviest hitters. It includes interactive training to improve a ballplayer's abilities and performance, plus the new Franchise Mode, which adds a long-awaited 40-man roster. Play ball!

GET WET

Spray

Tecmo

Wii

The action/adventure ***Spray*** game is a ton of fun. You're eccentric prince Ray-Spray, who's struggling to save his village from a diabolical queen. Luckily, you possess a crazy crown that lets you spray the bitch and her evil minions with water, slime, vomit, oil and goo. No, not that kind of goo! Get soaked. Spray!

WHO YOU GONNA CALL?

Ghostbusters: The Video Game

Atari

PS3, 360, Wii, DS, PS2

A lot of video games based on movies try to recreate the magic of the particular big-screen hit and fall short. Not so with the long-developed *Ghostbusters* spin-off. Written by the film's creators—Bill Murray and Harold Ramis—this hilarious game picks up where the comedy franchise left off. Besides the voices of all the original cast—Murray, Ramis, Dan Aykroyd, Ernie Hudson and Annie Potts—***Ghostbusters: The Game*** introduces two unique storylines packed with supernatural battles. It's bustin' time!

BANKING ON WALL STREET BAD BOYS

TO FIX THE ECONOMY, OBAMA HAS ENLISTED THE VERY "EXPERTS" WHO HELPED TRIGGER AMERICA'S FINANCIAL CRISIS.

Since Bill Maher's suggestion we hang the bankers is a bit too Old Testament for a democratic society, perhaps we can look to modern parenting to try and bring our destructive political-economic mafias to heel. Specifically, our political scene would benefit from the same system of "time-outs" that modern parents enforce for inane, obnoxious or destructive behavior on the part of their children.

The rule could be simple: If you help lead our country off a cliff, you have to stay out of the government and the public eye for a good while. Did you support the invasion of Iraq? No secretary of state job for you. Did you roll over when the banks asked for a bailout? Go to your room until this recession is over.

Both in his years in the Clinton Treasury and as chair of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Geithner has been paving the way for a runaway Wall Street.

Because it is simply too painful to watch, over and over, the same spoiled brats who have destroyed our economy and led us into disastrous foreign wars be asked to fix the things they've willfully broken.

Thankfully we now have a President who is young and pragmatic enough not to have made a fool of himself during the madness of previous decades. Yet, in at least one issue area—the biggest one of all, the economy—Obama seems depressingly reliant on the same-old, same-old cast of self-serving house-wreckers who act as if government exists for the sole benefit of corporations and their executives.

Consider Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner, the man who will collect our taxes, whose career was strangely not stunted by his failure to properly pay them himself. What makes Geithner so immune to consequences from Papa Obama? The answer, provided by everyone from the President to the media pundits, is that his services are indispensable because of his expertise in regulating markets.

Are they kidding?

Both in his years in the Clinton Treasury and as chair of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, Geithner has been paving the way for a runaway Wall Street. Nor has he changed his ways, as was evidenced once again with the February 2009 appointment of Mark Peterson, a Goldman Sachs vice-president and lobbyist, to be his top aide. Peterson had lobbied strenuously for precisely the deregulation the Obama Administration now concedes needs reversing.

It was confirmation that Goldman Sachs runs the Treasury Department—no matter which party is in power.

In October 2008 the *New York Times* ran a devastating story titled "The Guys From 'Government Sachs,' " spotlighting the many Goldman Sachs alums operating under the firm's former head, Henry Paulson, after he was named treasury secretary.

Geithner, whom Obama appointed as Paulson's replacement, was totally enmeshed in Paulson's handout to Wall Street while chair of the New York Fed. In that capacity, Geithner was intimately involved in the highly questionable negotiations to bail out AIG, in which Goldman had a $20-billion partnership at risk.

Goldman Sachs CEO Lloyd C. Blankfein was present for those rushed and highly guarded weekend meetings, which resulted in an initial $85-billion bailout for AIG and has since grown to $122 billion. As the *Times* reported, "Mr. Paulson helped select a director from Goldman's own board to lead AIG."

That decision to save AIG came after the New York Fed, led by Geithner, summarily spurned requests to save Goldman competitor Lehman Brothers. While he opposed Lehman's attempt to reconstitute as a bank-holding company and therefore obtain federal financing, he later supported a similar request by Goldman Sachs.

Another major player in those machinations was Robert Rubin, who headed Goldman Sachs before becoming treasury secretary under Clinton and who pushed for the radical deregulation that is at the center of the banking crisis. Geithner was a protégé of Rubin in that effort, as was Lawrence Summers, who went on to be Clinton's treasury secretary after Rubin moved on to head Citigroup. Regrettably, Summers is now the key White House economics adviser.

Rubin, Geithner and Summers are hellbent on denying the responsibility of their deregulation initiatives for the economic crisis. But the reality is that the merger of investment and commercial banks with insurance companies and stockbrokers was illegal before the approval of their legislation, which reversed the Glass-Steagall Act passed under Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

So, too, the newfangled financial instruments were exempted from any government regulation, thanks to the Commodity Futures Modernization Act, which Summers got Clinton to sign into law a month before he left office.

The reversal of Glass-Steagall unleashed the robber barons, as was freely conceded by Goldman CEO Blankfein in an interview he gave to the *New York Times* in June 2007. "If you take an historical perspective," Blankfein said, gloating back then about the vast expansion of Goldman Sachs, "we've come full circle, because that is exactly what the Rothschilds or J.P. Morgan the banker were doing in their heyday. What caused an aberration was the Glass-Steagall Act."

In February 2009, new Attorney General Eric Holder assured Wall Street, "We're not going to go out on any witch-hunts."

But what if the once-celebrated financial wizards, still allowed to dominate our economic policies, are indeed wicked witches? Or at least destructive children in need of some serious limit-setting.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

AT LAST, OUR LONG NATIONAL NIGHTMARE IS OVER!
I HEARD THAT, OLBERMANN!
J. BILLSTEIN

Immune From Justice?

TWO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT LAWYERS WHO SIGNED POLICY MEMOS ON THE HARSH TREATMENT OF DETAINEES ARE VIRTUALLY FREE OF ACCOUNTABILITY—AT LEAST FOR NOW.

Future historians of the dark, pestilential Presidency of George W. Bush will likely cite—as the start of our headlong descent into global shame—the notorious August 1, 2002, "torture memos" that the Bush-Cheney team turned into the secret policy of how to treat our detainees (a/k/a prisoners) at Abu Ghraib, Guantanamo, the CIA's secret prisons and our gulags in Afghanistan.

The memos came from the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel, formerly known as the "conscience" of the executive branch because it provides authoritative advice on the Constitutionality of actions by the President and other agencies.

Yoo was confronted by the Woodrow Wilson School's dean, Anne-Marie Slaughter, in a scene I wish had been televised for the ages.

In advising Bush on how to ignore the international Convention Against Torture, signed by this nation, and our own 1996 Torture Act, the Office of Legal Counsel conjured up a U.S. definition of torture as meaning ONLY interrogation that results in "death, organ failure or the permanent impairment of a significant body function."

Short of that, feel free, interrogators, to use any means necessary to crack the prisoner! And that's how even our allies have recoiled at the defilement of the American rule of law amid the extensive documented evidence revealing the war crimes—I use that term literally—that have been committed in our name and still are.

The Justice Department lawyer associated with those memos—and thereby reviled internationally—is John Yoo, who became the architect of the "Torture Presidency." He has since returned to teaching—law, of course—at the University of California, Berkeley.

But the actual signer of those brutal memos was the then-head of the Office of Legal Counsel, Jay Bybee. He was soon promoted for his service in the war on terror by being awarded a federal judgeship on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. Free of any accountability for the effects of the torture policy he approved, Jay Bybee—being only 48 when he signed that fateful document in 2002—will be involved in deciding cases of Constitutional importance for years to come.

Meanwhile, John Yoo continues to defend his noxious handiwork in lectures and articles; but if President Obama and the Democratic Congress decide to set up the equivalent of a 9/11 Commission to investigate American war crimes during the previous administration, Professor Yoo will surely be a key witness.

I was an eyewitness to a defense of the coldly amoral Bybee-Yoo "torture memos" that was presented by Yoo himself at an April 2005 discussion, "Rethinking the War on Terror," at Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School of International and Public Affairs. I offer this vivid sidebar to readers of HUSTLER and to future historians for what it reveals of the evil core of torture that George W. Bush accepted, as did Dick Cheney.

During the panel discussion at Princeton, I criticized Professor Yoo about the memos and his subsequent proud affirmation of them. His only response was a blandly smiling retort: "I do enjoy reading what Nat Hentoff writes on jazz."

But then Yoo was confronted by the Woodrow Wilson School's dean, Anne-Marie Slaughter, in a scene I wish had been televised for the ages. Rising from her seat in the audience, looking straight at Yoo, she said, "I simply can't believe that, as somebody who upholds the Constitution of the United States, you could think that it's all right for the President to order the torture of individuals anywhere in the world. … We are telling the rest of the world that we're debating whether or not we can torture…at a time when we supposedly went in to dislodge the government of Iraq because, in part, of the torture practiced by Saddam at Abu Ghraib [before we took over the practice there]."

Unfazed, Yoo responded, "Anne-Marie, everything you just said was a policy view…. A lot of the arguments you make about America's standing in the world…those are all fine arguments, but not Constitutional arguments. Those are arguments about how, as a society, we should exercise this Constitutional power, in what directions."

Dean Slaughter disposed of this crap with a frightening hypothetical that I thought would certainly cause Yoo at least a moment's floundering for an answer. Said Slaughter: "If I hear you correctly, you are telling me that you would tell your client, the President of the United States, 'You may order pulling out somebody's fingernails. You may order having somebody's family member killed in front of them to extract information. That is Constitutional [you would tell him].'

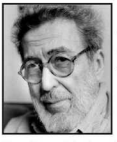
"You are empowered to advise that under the Constitution? Are you really saying that our Constitution allows a President to do that?"

This is how John Yoo instantly answered: "Is there any provision that prevents him from ordering that?"

I was much interested in a January 12, 2009, **Slate.com** article: "Impeach Jay Bybee," which asked, "Why should a suspected war criminal serve as a federal judge?"

The writer is Yale law professor Bruce Ackerman, author of *Before the Next Attack: Preserving Civil Liberties in an Age of Terrorism*. He emphasizes that an impeachment would not be a criminal prosecution that would put Bybee in the slammer. "If it convicts him," Ackerman explains, "the Senate can only remove Bybee from [judicial] office and disqualify him from future service in 'any office or honor, trust or profit under the United States.'" It's up to Congress, Ackerman adds, to decide if Bybee should remain on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals.

John Yoo is accountable only in the court of public opinion. But unless President Obama moves to set in motion an independent investigation of American war crimes—with full due process protections for Bush, Yoo, et al. under our revived rule of law—John Yoo will still be teaching his version of Constitutional law and reading my articles on jazz.



Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"I know I promised, but…well…apparently we can't afford a new puppy."

The Network News Report Card

PASS OR FAIL? A BROADCAST VETERAN KNOWS THE SCORE.

The most useless exercise in broadcasting is the network evening news. When information is available from multiple sources 24/7, it seems futile to do a newscast once a day for 30 minutes. In reality these half-hours actually have about 23 minutes of content. The rest is taken up with endless ads for pharmaceutical companies featuring men who are happy they can hold off peeing. It is time to grade these nightly news extravaganzas and their anchors.

The scene has changed radically the past few years. First CBS dumped Dan Rather for reporting on George W. Bush's dubious military career. Over at ABC, Peter Jennings died of lung cancer. He was replaced by Bob Woodruff and Elizabeth Vargas. When Woodruff went to Iraq, the tank he was riding in got blown up, and he suffered major brain damage. Then Vargas got preggers. Both networks were forced to fill some pretty big shoes.

First at bat was CBS, which installed Bob Schieffer as interim anchor, then decided on *Today Show* host Katie Couric. The industry blanched. Wasn't the news division the crown jewel that made CBS "The Tiffany Network"? And now here comes Miss Perky? CBS also introduced a letters segment and other gimmicks.

Everybody who wanted bona fide news stopped watching. The ratings tanked; rumors of Couric's professional demise ran rampant. She didn't give up; neither did CBS, which made the show newsy again. Finally Couric settled in, and people like myself were surprised. She was confident and easy to watch, and the reporting again took on CBS's mark of quality. Not bad. CBS has earned a B.

Over at ABC, the network seemed mystified. It had taken Jennings 20 years of hard work to gain prominence. In 1965, Jennings took the helm as the youngest network anchor, only to flop. He then wandered the planet as an ABC correspondent for two decades, becoming a top-notch reporter before returning to the anchor seat. His newscasts thrived, but three packs a day lowered him into a much-too-early grave.

Charles Gibson had given respectability to ABC's morning show despite having moronic Diane Sawyer as a sidekick. He had been ABC's first choice after Jennings's departure but nixed the deal. Offered the job a second time, he said okay. Affable, pleasant, but shackled with a less-than-stellar news department, Gibson has attempted to return ABC News to a vaunted place in the news firmament. He hasn't succeeded, but at least viewers aren't tuning out in droves.

ABC's biggest flaw is George Stephanopoulos, who hosts its Sunday show and pinch-hits for Gibson. This guy is smarmy and has a hard-on for many of the people he interviews. He's the guy who, after serving as Bill Clinton's press secretary, turned on him. I give ABC a C.

For 22 years Tom Brokaw did a perfect job anchoring *NBC Nightly News*. He was dignified, personable and, best of all, journalistic. He managed to bring NBC News to first place in the nightly race. Then it was time to retire him, and who steps in? Brian Williams, a guy who has full hair, shiny teeth, but nothing else. At best he is a good newsreader, as anchors are called in England. But a journalist he isn't.

The same can be said for Williams's team with a few exceptions, namely the veteran reporters who hearken back to an earlier era and give NBC its only credibility. Since NBC seems to value ratings and the accompanying ad revenue over journalistic integrity, I'm giving it a C-minus, with a warning to improve or flunk out.

I have complaints about almost all TV news, be it network or cable, but if pressed to choose one good one, it would be CBS. Couric has grown beyond tolerable to become a competent journalist. As her grilling of Sarah Palin proves, she is without doubt the best of her peers at conducting an interview. All networks carry the same stories, but it's what their reporters bring to the table that makes them stand out.

If you haven't done so, give Katie Couric another try. As the first female solo anchor, she endured an uphill struggle. Now she makes *CBS Evening News* worth watching.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

"They've got you cold on lying the country into war and subverting the Constitution. I advise you to plead insanity."

atlanta
austin
boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

will she?

las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
orange county
palm springs
philadelphia
phoenix
portland
reno
salt lake city
san diego
san francisco
seattle
tampa
toronto
tucson
twin cities
vancouver
washington d.c.

theeroticreview.com

Porn for the Prez

I doubt Obama is reading HUSTLER, but he should. It might keep him in touch with what Americans want. And I'm not just talking about pussy. Frankly, we don't give a shit if the banks collapse or if the government just takes them over—whatever it takes to get rid of the greedy assholes who suck the lifeblood of the working class.

This country will never be Communist or even Socialist. People should stop worrying about that nonsense and just clean up the mess the way you muck out a stall: Shovel the shit into a wheelbarrow and dump it. The American Dream is to get as rich as you can, but it should be based on your diligence and skill at making something people need. The creation of real value—actual goods and services—is what the President needs to reward.

I haven't given up on Obama yet. The more the Republicans hate him, the more I think he must be doing something right. In the meantime, make sure to keep that White House subscription going out.

—S.B.
Sullivan, Missouri

Still Seeking Seka

Many thanks from the bottom of my 56-year-old heart (and other body parts) for featuring Seka [*Cougars Unleashed #2*, March '09]. I recall her early days and have numerous 8mm movies of her from the *Swedish Erotica* series (some of which are now out on DVD). I haven't watched them in years (and I realize that Seka wasn't really Swedish), but I'll never get rid of them. Bring back the awesome Seka for a layout!

—C. Robert Creamer
Winchester, Virginia

Bermuda Triangle

What's with the vanishing muff? I used to buy the magazine consistently. But to my great disappointment I have noticed that the girls posing have no pubic hair! A healthy mound—trimmed, shaped or just left to grow wild—is a girl's most attractive feature. It's why I and many like me gaze at those nether regions. Eyebrows alone just don't cut it! Please feature more women showing off their lush, natural beauty.

—Anthony & Mike
Stamford, Connecticut

You're in luck, guys! Starting with this issue, we'll be featuring classic pictorials every month, with all the bush you could want.

Career High Points

I just saw *The Wrestler*. Marisa Tomei does the best job of playing a stripper I've ever seen in a mainstream movie. Marisa is an awesomely hot mega-MILF! The best part of her performance is the eye-popping view of her swollen, pierced nips. Please print those pics!

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

As you wish: See page 94 for Marisa Tomei's perkiest contributions to movie history.

Guitar Wars

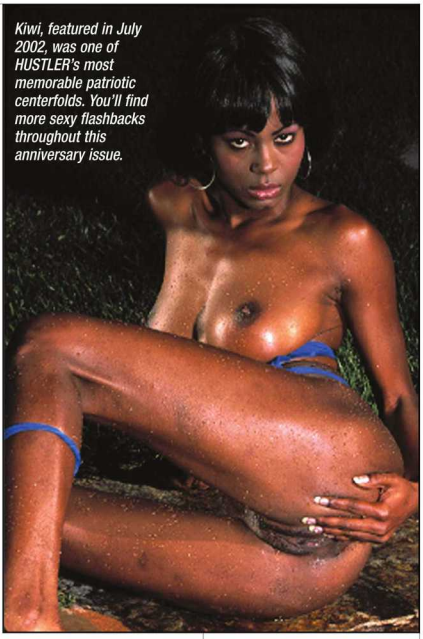
Great interview with Sebastian Bach ["I Dig Fuckin'," March '09]. I have to agree that his album *Angel Down* is better than anything Velvet Revolver has put out—and certainly better than anything by that pussy Scott Wieland! And after finally hearing Guns N' Roses' *Chinese Democracy*, I can see why Bach was excited about it. It's the best GNR album yet.

—Wylie Hnat
Coralville, Iowa

American Idiot?

Will Larry Flynt ever decide if he wants to publish a political magazine or a men's magazine? If I want politics, I'll buy *Newsweek* or *Time*. I'd also advise him to get rid of the *Publisher's Statement*, as it proves over and over he's an idiot. I read your interview with Dr. Helen Caldicott [March '09]. Good grief, talk about a nut case! Despite what she claims, nuclear energy is one of the safest forms of energy. Then she basically says it should be illegal to drive SUVs. I don't drive one, but I do drive a truck that gets only 13 MPG. According to Caldicott, I should be fined or thrown in jail for not consuming gas responsibly. Thankfully, we live in a free country where we can drive what we want.

—Steve Smith
Seward, Nebraska



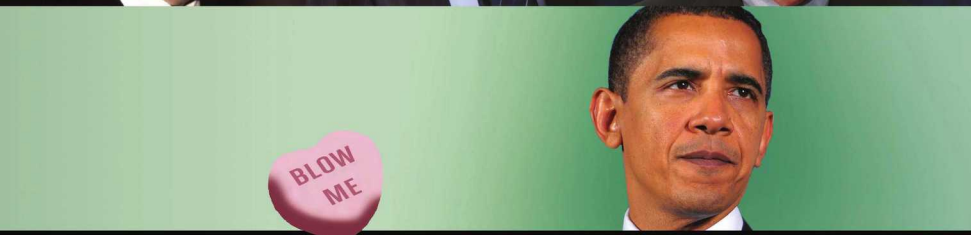
Kiwi, featured in July 2002, was one of HUSTLER's most memorable patriotic centerfolds. You'll find more sexy flashbacks throughout this anniversary issue.

Self-Destructive

I was glad to see Dr. Helen Caldicott call the use of depleted uranium what it is: nuclear warfare. Even if nuclear power plants were indestructible—which they're not—the military industry would still be poisoning Earth and killing our soldiers with DU. What's the point of fighting a war if you destroy the inhabitability of your territory and destroy your own fighting forces? Depleted uranium is our military's dirty, deadly secret. It shows clearer than anything else what the military and its profiteering corporate contractors think of our soldiers: They're just material to be used and scrapped.

—M.T.
Bozeman, Montana

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



Michael Steele | Rush Limbaugh | John Boehner | John McCain | James Inhofe | Chuck Grassley | Lindsey Graham | John Kyl | Barack Obama

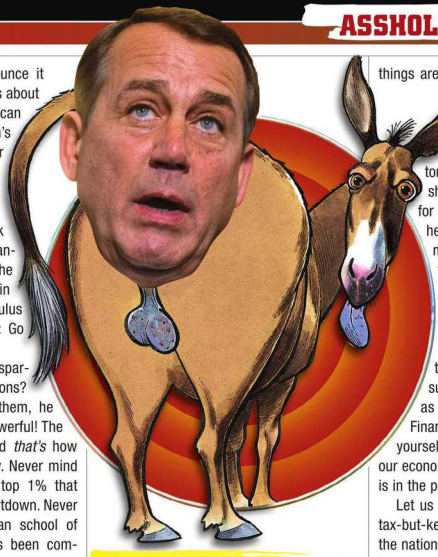
They're Just Not That Into You

Sorry, Mr. President, the American public may love you, but the Republicans in Congress are just not that into you. They prefer politics as usual over pulling this country out of a depression.

To put it plainly, sir, they don't want to sleep with you; they want to fuck the American people.

And your wife? Michelle's only in the marriage to be friends with Oprah.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political parody commenting on how Republicans are trying to screw us by sabotaging the President. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



John Boehner

John Boehner (we pronounce it *Boner*) couldn't care less about his country or the American people. The Ohio congressman's only concerns are his power base, the Republican Party and the fat cats who feed it fistfuls of money. To that end he succeeded in sabotaging Barack Obama's attempts at bipartisanship, making sure none of the 178 House Republicans voted in favor of the President's stimulus package. Boehner to America: Go fuck yourself!

So what was Boehner's transparently false rationale for his actions? Tax cuts! We need more of them, he argued. For the rich! For the powerful! The House Minority Leader insisted *that's* how to save the American economy. Never mind that it was tax cuts for the top 1% that helped cause the economic meltdown. Never mind that the Milton Friedman school of "trickle down economics" has been completely and totally invalidated by eight years of George W. Bush. Forget that the American people, in the last election cycle, totally rejected the GOP model of government. Damn the country and full speed ahead—straight over the cliff!

But why, Congressman Boner, would you openly embrace a policy that made you look like a total-loser Asshole? Could it be because it played to your total-loser-Asshole base? Or is it because you don't care about saving American jobs as much as you care about setting yourself and the GOP up for the 2012 elections? Does it really come down to supporting your party over your country? It sure looks that way.

Boehner's stance shouldn't be a surprise: He is widely credited with helping pass House Speaker Newt Gingrich's 1994 Contract With America, more accurately known as the Republican Contract *on* America. Boehner also pushed for passage of the Federal Agriculture Improvement and Reform Act (which improved the opportunities for Big Agriculture to poison our food) and the No Child Left Behind Act (which, as it turns out, left every working class child behind).

But the foregoing is nothing when you compare it to Boehner's position on Guantanamo Bay. Questioning why anyone would want to close the military prison in the first place, he said, "The detainees get more comforts than a lot of Americans get." Really? Is forced feeding a preferred way to dine? Does waterboarding qualify as treatment for dehydration? Does the word *comfort* mean living in a shithole for seven years without access to a lawyer?

Of course, we can't fault Boehner on one point: Living in a 6-by-10 cell might be better than living under a bridge, something more and more Americans are experiencing thanks to eight years of Republican rule. As things are going, Gitmo might start looking attractive to many of us.

Not to Boehner, however. He is a multimillionaire who lives with his wife, Debbie, in a tony section of West Chester Township, Ohio. His daughter Tricia works for Sallie Mae. No surprise there: As head of the House Education Committee, Boehner oversaw legislation that impacted the student loan provider. For Republicans, one hand always washes the other.

Given that Boehner has received serious PAC contributions from Sallie Mae, as well as such banks and investment houses as Merrill Lynch and Cincinnati Financial Corporation, you have to ask yourself: When it comes to safeguarding our economy, can you really trust a guy who is in the pocket of Wall Street?

Let us remind you that it was the don't-tax-but-keep-spending Republicans who ran the national debt up to $10 trillion fighting a needless war in Iraq. They also lost $12 billion in cash that was flown into the war zone only to disappear—*poof!* That's 12 billion fuckin' dollars—enough greenbacks to be seen from space. And they lost it!

Adding insult to injury, Boehner—like his fellow Republican hawks—is a certified coward. During the height of the Vietnam War he spent just eight weeks in basic training before being discharged with a bad back. A bad back?! Talk about the lamest excuse in the book! But it does put Boehner in perspective. As his political career has made crystal-clear, evading combat duty wouldn't be the first time Bone-head turned his back on America.

The congressman pretty much comes off as a sociopath—an individual who is completely unable to empathize with the plight of others. But then, that basically sums up what remains of the Republican Party, doesn't it? They're all a bunch of sociopaths—and Assholes!

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**GROVER NORQUIST**, the GOP operative who teamed up Bush & Rove, continues to amaze us. Despite accepting a half-million dollars from convicted lobbyist Jack Abramoff and—during the 2008 Presidential campaign—calling Barack Obama "John Kerry with a tan," Norquist remains a "respected" voice in the Republican Party. He used his nonprofit Americans for Tax Reform to move funds to right-wing crony Ralph Reed and robbed even his old college buddy Abramoff. Norquist's pro-life, pro-Christianity hosannas ring out repeatedly, but his private beliefs are suspect. He married a Muslim woman, but will not admit whether he converted to Islam or, as many suspect, she's simply a convenient beard. Even Senator John McCain (R-AZ) joked that Norquist was "Jack Abramoff's gay lover." The *New York Times* called him "toweringly selfish." We'll call Norquist head-to-toe detritus.

DOUBLE FEATURE!
HUSTLER invites you to the movies
HUSTLER VIDEO
HustlerHollywood.com

PHOTO BY KEVIN WRIGHT

PHOTOS BY DAVID CARRILLO

A PERFECT 10

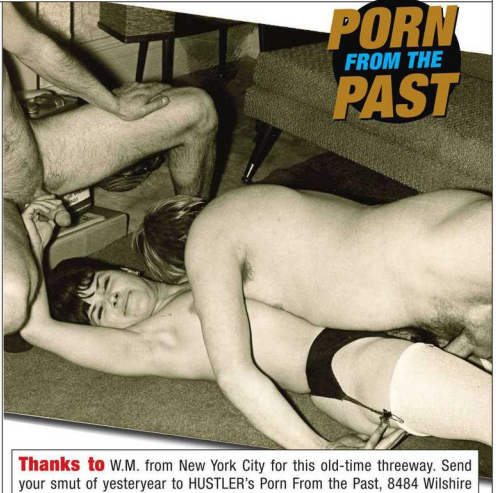
HUSTLER Hollywood on the Sunset Strip opened its doors ten years ago. It has since become one of the most-visited retail stores in Los Angeles. Larry Flynt, along with his wife Liz and daughter Theresa, hosted a party to mark the anniversary. On hand for the festivities were porn figures Daisy Marie, Sunny Lane and Ron Jeremy, BunnyRanch proprietor Dennis Hof and hundreds of fans.

HUSTLER Hollywood has retail locations around the world. For the one nearest you, or to make purchases online, check out **HustlerHollywood.com**.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

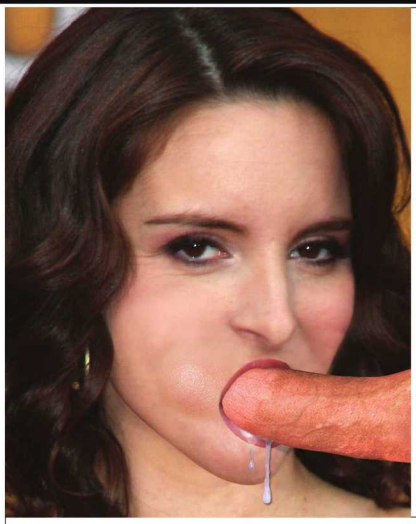
Former Prince bandmates Wendy & Lisa are lesbians who happen to love HUSTLER. Go figure. Check out our exclusive interview with the TV composers (*Heroes*) on pages 92-93.

PORN FROM THE PAST



Thanks to W.M. from New York City for this old-time threeway. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"I'm a terrible lover. I've actually given a woman an anticlimax." —SCOTT ROEBEN, HUMORIST



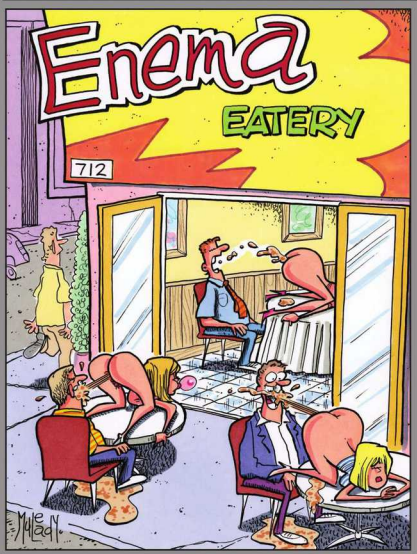
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Tina Fey LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Watching funny lady Tina Fey on the NBC sitcom *30 Rock* may make you laugh. She may also make you rock hard.

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Tina Fey actually exists—unless Lorne Michaels has been holding out on us. It's just a joke, Lorne. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"Sexual intercourse is kicking death in the ass while singing."—CHARLES BUKOWSKI, WRITER

NEWS BABES

We would have published this picture of Sonny Abbata from KDKA TV2 in Pittsburgh sooner, but we were too busy masturbating to it. Thanks to S.W. of Richeyville, Pennsylvania, for an awesome submission.

To nominate a local or network news personality, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

NEWSBITES

Organ Grinder

There are some things you just have to let go of after a divorce. The diamond ring. The cost of the honeymoon. A body part. Huh?! Several years ago a New York surgeon donated a kidney to his ailing wife only to see the marriage fall apart after he'd accused her of infidelities. Taking divorce proceedings to new depths, the dejected husband is suing his now-healthy ex to either fork over $1.5 million in compensation for his donated organ or return it. Hey, lady, we'll sell you a kidney for a few grand. Just ask for Tex here at HUSTLER to make it happen.

Russian Roulette

Here's a bad combination: booze, a raccoon and a horny dude with a penchant for animal rape. Yep, you know where this one is going. A drunk Russian tried to fuck a raccoon, and the masked critter bit his cock off. Plastic surgeons worked furiously to reattach the doofus's mangled manhood but were not sure how well it will function once healed. Everyone knows you should first romance a female raccoon. Take her out to eat at the trash cans behind a fancy restaurant, then maybe she'll put out.

What a Pisser!

Airport security is getting tougher and tougher. That may explain a truly disgusting incident at Pudong International Airport in Shanghai, China. It started when a passenger—the recipient of a kidney transplant who has to regularly test his urine for infection—arrived at a security checkpoint. When the screener asked what was in a bottle, the 58-year-old replied, "Urine." He was then ordered to drink the liquid to prove it wasn't a banned item. The traveler complied and has since filed a harassment complaint. An airport spokesman said the screener mistakenly heard the word "beverage" when the piss sipper said, "urine." Sure, that makes sense, because those words sound so much alike. Well, maybe in Mandarin they do.

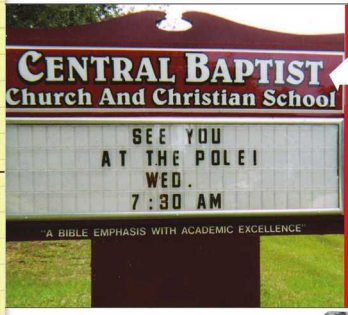
Fucking 101

Providence University in Taiwan may not be an Ivy League school, but it boasts something Harvard and Princeton don't: a course on porn appreciation. Offered by the Mass Communication Department, it requires participants to analyze an audience's psychological reaction to sexually explicit clips. Most of the 50-plus students who signed up admitted that they had watched porn before. We assume at least 49 failed to admit that they just needed an excuse to jerk off in class.

BEER BLAST

Here's just the thing you need to get that summer party started: the Boob Tube beer bong. Just add beer to this sexy funnel system and you're in for a riproaring good time. And don't worry, ladies, the Dong Bong was designed just for you.

The Boob Tube and Dong Bong are available at **SexyBeerBongs.com**.



Sign of the Times

Finally, a church that openly appreciates strippers. Thanks to S.S. of Brandon, Florida, for this entry.

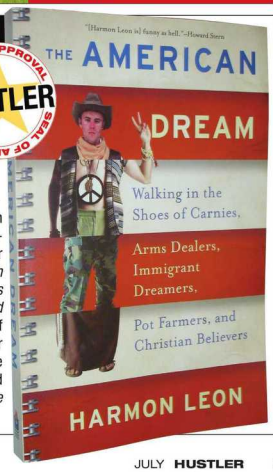
Have you seen a funny sign? If you have, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

The American Dream

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER

Walking in the Shoes of Carnies, Arms Dealers, Immigrant Dreamers, Pot Farmers and Christian Believers by Harmon Leon



Occasional HUSTLER contributor Harmon Leon is a master at infiltrating this country's underbelly and recounting his remarkable experiences. For the gonzo journalist's latest book, *The American Dream: Walking in the Shoes of Carnies, Arms Dealers, Immigrant Dreamers, Pot Farmers and Christian Believers*, he delved into the realms of an assortment of people living under the radar and striving to fulfill their respective dreams. The result is a collection of thoughtful, scary and occasionally laugh-out-loud-funny essays. *The American Dream* is in bookstores now.

"Sex is identical to comedy in that it involves timing." —PHYLLIS DILLER, COMEDIENNE

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO US!

Jungle Jill, hairy girl (March '78)

Lulu, 300-pound centerfold (August '82)

To mark our 35th year in existence, here's a look back at four of HUSTLER's most daring photo-spreads. For more vintage vagina, see pages 54-57 and 61-66.

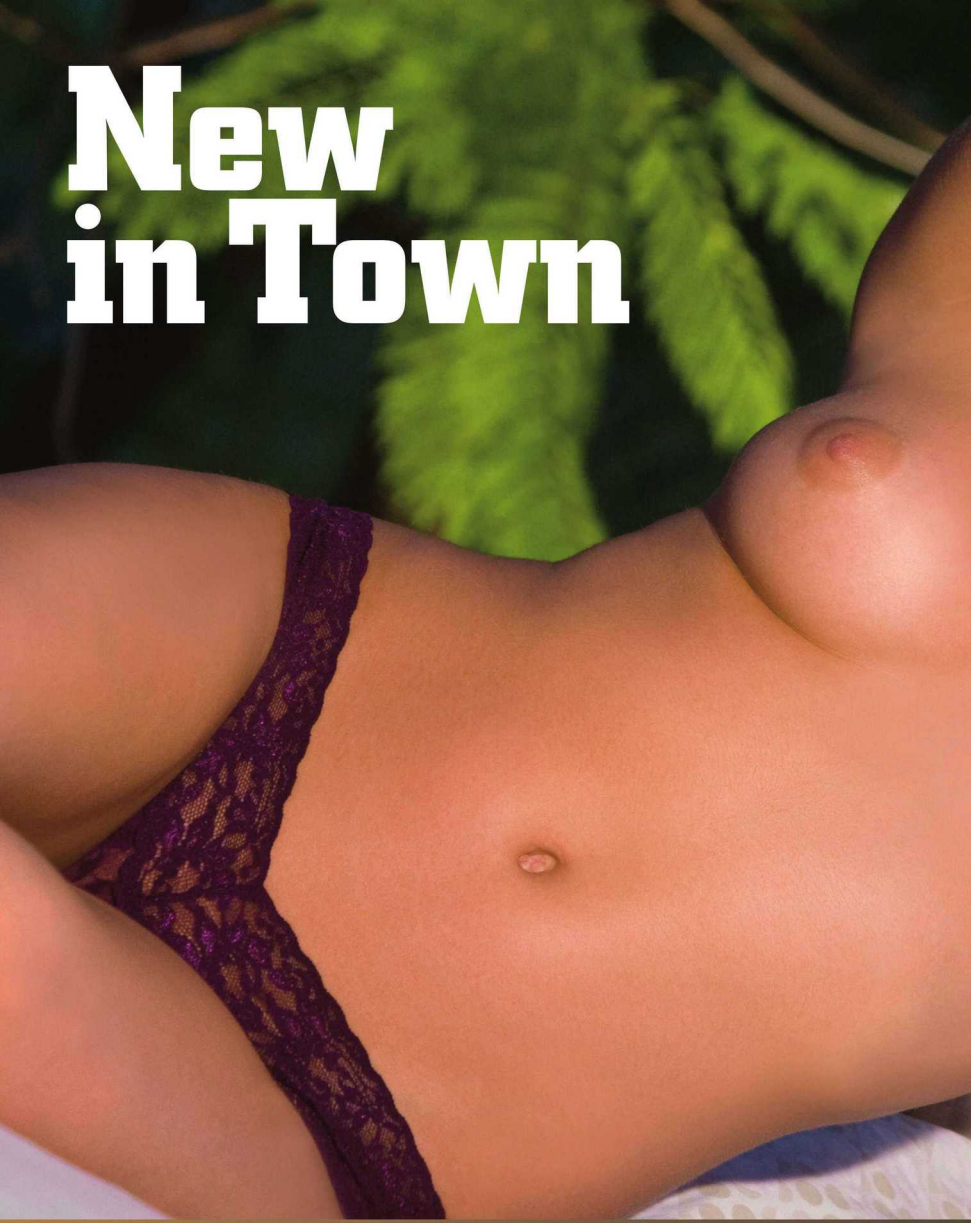
Trina, the three-breasted wonder (September '82)

Pretty, pregnant Marlene (December '82)

"I like my sex the way I play basketball—one on one, with as little dribbling as possible." —LESLIE NIELSEN AS LT. FRANK DREBIN

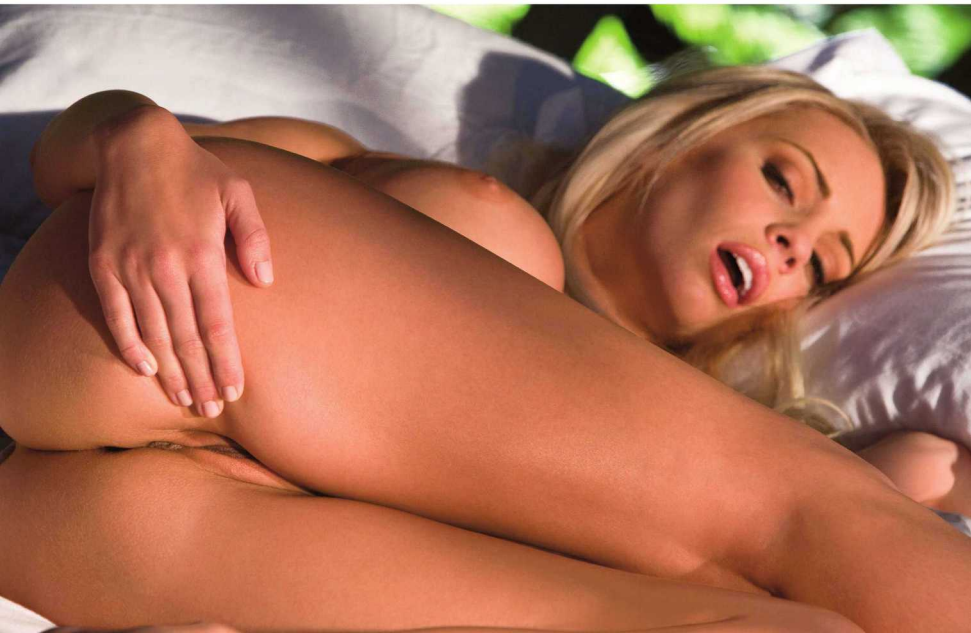
GEE... WHEN I SUGGESTED WIFE-SWAPPING...
YEAH... ME AND MY "CHANGE YOU CAN BELIEVE IN..."

New in Town



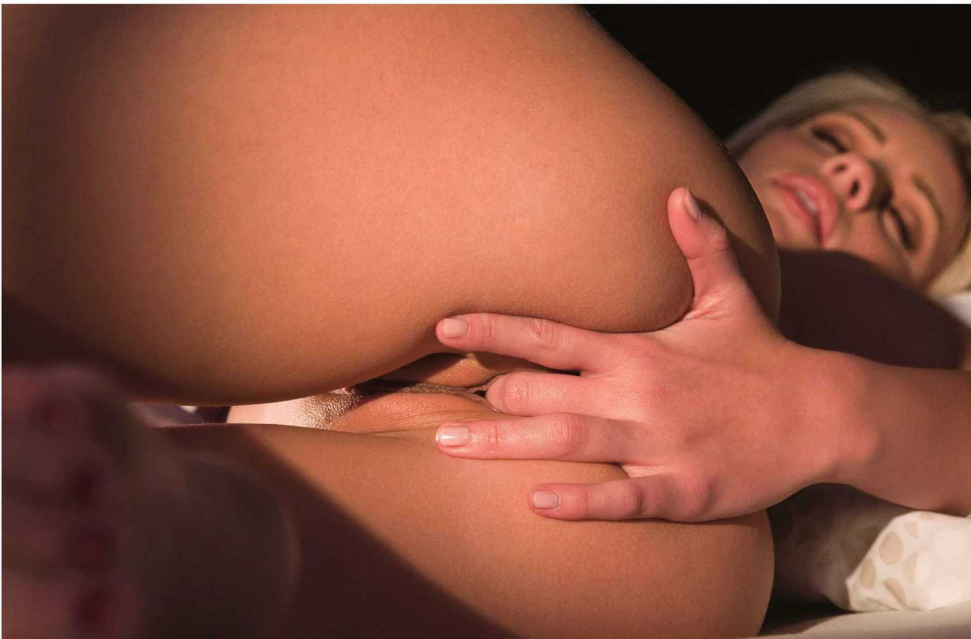
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

PHOTO VIRGIN!
BAILEY ROSE



Fresh-faced beauty **Bailey Rose** is ready: "I've been easing into the adult business, but it's not that I don't want to start making a name for myself. I want to do everything and everybody I can to become a porn star. That's why I'm excited about being in HUSTLER. Exposure like this in a national magazine is sure to lead to big things."

Fresh-faced beauty **Bailey Rose** is willing: "Sexually I'm very experimental. I love having sex in different places. I'm open to anything. I would love to have a threesome with two guys. Handling two cocks at one time would be hot. I'm also into girls. Lately I've been playing around with my sexy girlfriends and discovered I love the taste of pussy."



Fresh-faced beauty **Bailey Rose** is able: "I never seem to get tired. I need very little sleep—maybe three to four hours a night. I guess being 19 helps. That's why I'm so eager to really give being a porn girl my all. I plan on doing photo-shoots, films and more. I figure as long as I look like this, I should go for it."

BAILEY ROSE'S VITAL FACTS:
HOMETOWN: Thousand Oaks, California | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 115

Tit Lover's Tip-top Hookup

I dig tits—huge watermelons, mosquito bites and damn near every size and shape in between. But mostly I prefer big, heavy, natural breasts—the weight of them in the palms of my hands, their warmth, the way they move and shimmy. My favorite sex? You guessed it, mounds of mambos smothering my cock in a good old-fashioned titty-fuck. Yes, a nice set of 36Ds rarely fails to make my dick hard and my mouth water.

So I recognized Emma's twins the second I caught sight of them from across the room. I was at a gallery opening for one of my eccentric artist friends. When I saw those beautiful boomers again, the memories rushed back. I'd first met Emma a month ago, at an event much like this one. I was smashed. She was smashed. It had been a brief, drunken backroom hookup. But now the image of motorboating those mammoth mammaries came to me so vividly, my dick pulsed in my jeans.

Hoping for seconds, I strolled across the room, slipped my arm around Emma's waist and reached up for a little squeeze…only to get my face slapped! The way the girl glared, it suddenly dawned on me that she didn't know who the fuck I was. I looked into her eyes. Nope, not a glimmer of recognition. Talk about a blow to my ego.

"Emma!" I cried. "It's Steve. Remember?" Nothing.

"The back room at Keith's godawful wood-block sculpture thing?" I reminded her. "You and me? Three, four weeks ago?"

Emma giggled, and her bra-free titties wobbled delightfully. "I'm sorry," she said. "Embarrassing. I was so frickin' wasted that night—way too much Two Buck Chuck." She glanced down then, and her eyes sparked interest at my cock bulge. "But you'd think I would have remembered *that*." Her tongue flicked over her upper lip.

Nodding toward the back of the gallery, Emma suggested, "Okay, then, why don't we see if you can refresh my memory?"

Yes! I grabbed me a handful of boob, just to seal the deal, and we hurried off to find a storage room or a closet or something, dammit. Success came when Emma turned the knob to a tiny, unoccupied cubbyhole of an office.

With the door locked behind us, Emma stripped off her blouse, and my jaw about dropped to the floor. Her breasts were magnificent! Full Ds—maybe even DD cups—capped by thumb-thick pink nipples and forming cleavage a guy could get lost in. I hesitated a second, mesmerized, and in that second, Emma had my jeans down around my ankles. A second later and she was on her knees, lapping my fat shaft and nut sac.

This girl was amazing. No inane conversation. No endless foreplay. She cut right to the sex. It occurred to me that I was just a big dick to her, that perhaps that was why she didn't remember my face. But you know what? I didn't really have a problem with that.

Emma drooled spit all over my fuckset, then spread it with her tongue. Finally, when I was sloppy slick and harder than concrete, she scooted closer and closer still, until my prick was pressing into her cleavage. Lifting her delicate hands to both sides of her huge bazooms, she pushed—pushed until I couldn't see my cock anymore, until my dick *and* nuts were surrounded by flesh, smothered in boobs. Oh, fuck! So this was what heaven felt like.

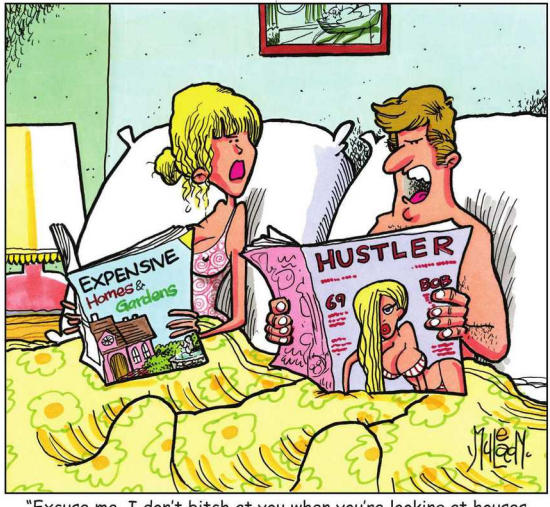
Emma slowly started moving up and down, massaging the sides of her cans at the same time. I could feel the pressure on my shooter tighten and release, tighten and release, over and over. Every time my crown peeked out of her titty tunnel, her tongue dicked into my piss slit.

I tried to make it last. I tried to make it *memorable*. But damn, sex fantasies don't get fulfilled every day. When I gasped that I was going to come, Emma grabbed my base and aimed my jizz at her spigots. Back and forth, she spray-painted till her nips were white and my balls were empty. Then she let go of my gun to lift each whopper to her mouth and lick it clean. The gal could actually suck on her own nipples!

I expected to return the favor, but Emma simply stood, pulled on her blouse and headed for the door. She was already unlocking it when I stopped her. "Thanks, Emma. That was absolutely fuckin' awesome."

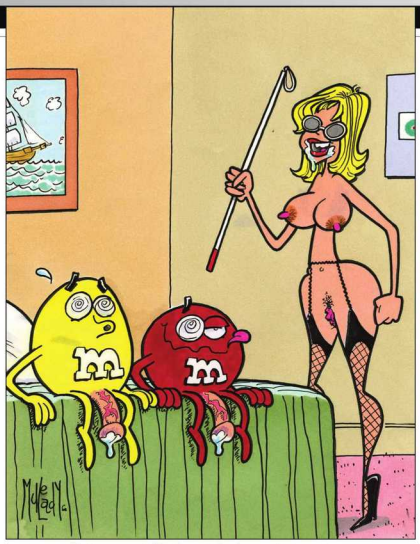
"No problem, uh—what did you say your name was again?"

—S.W.
Venice, California

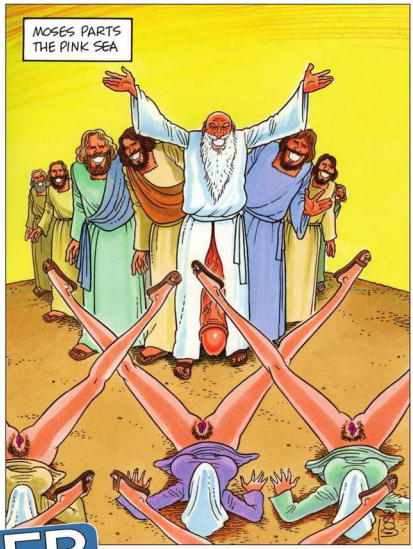


"Excuse me, I don't bitch at you when you're looking at houses you'll never be able to have!"

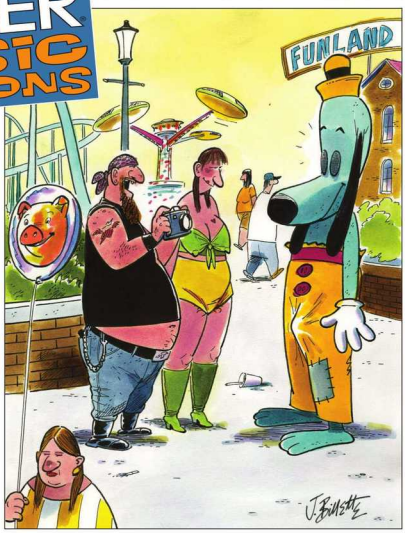
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Wow, wait'll the girls hear I gave two blowjobs to Eminem!"



HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Hey, dude, can I get a shot of my ol' lady suckin' you off?!"

The Dirty Politics of Food

Part 1

In the first installment of a special exposé, HUSTLER's Science Editor-at-Large Debbie Epstein explains the stomach-turning truth about our food: Chemical companies are adding deadly toxins approved by the government's supposed safety net.

Our foods are killing us. We all know the Food and Drug Administration is supposed to be responsible for the safety and purity of what we consume. So why does the FDA allow poisons in almost every food in America? The short answer is corruption and greed. Pharmaceutical companies, food processors and the FDA are so intertwined, they've become a three-headed monster.

Big Pharma, as the drug industry is often called, profits from supplying food additives—sweeteners, hormones, antibiotics, etc. When these substances make us all sick, more profits are derived from the drugs we're given to treat the sickness. It's a win-win situation for the pharmaceutical companies; it's a lose-lose for the public.

"Big Pharma is evil and runs America," says Betty Martini, founder of Georgia-based Mission Possible World Health International. Since 1993 she and her watchdog organization have been sounding alarms in 39 countries about chemical poisons. Although Martini has taken heavy criticism for her dramatic pronouncements, most of her research has been substantiated. "The FDA is just Pharma's branch office in Washington, D.C.," she scoffs.

Many foods not only cause disease, some, including sugar and sugar substitutes, are addictive. A recent Princeton University study shows that sugar is as habit-forming as hard drugs—an effective way to boost sales. Other additives interact with prescription drugs, such as Parkinson's medications, even though food additives are by law supposed to be inert. "It takes millions of dollars to fight these people in court when you're made sick by poisons in food," Martini says. These cases almost always settle out of court for lack of funds.

Freak Genes and Revolving Doors: Consider how cattle have been genetically altered by being injected with Posilac (a recombinant bovine growth hormone, or rBGH) intended to increase milk production by a gallon a day per cow. This has also benefited the

ART BY JOE DUNAVAN

bottom line for Monsanto Company, which developed and originally marketed Posilac. (Monsanto, which racked up $2 billion in profits in 2008, is one of the top polluters in the U.S.)

Posilac—banned in Europe, Canada, Japan, New Zealand and Australia—lists 20 possible toxic effects on its label. "It also originally contained a freak gene that produced an unusual and very unstable protein," says Robert Cohen, founder of the Dairy Education Board. Monsanto fixed that problem, but the toxic effects remained. Milk from cows injected with Posilac has greatly increased levels of the known cancer-causing agent IGF-1 (insulin-like growth factor 1). Milk from dosed cows also contains pus and antibiotics, which explains its "off" taste and shortened shelf life. FDA approval of Posilac in 1993 shows that when it comes to public safety, the behemoth pharmaceutical companies do indeed run the country.

Monsanto actually sued milk companies that refused to use Posilac in their products and stated so on their labels. Michael Taylor (then at the FDA) signed a federal notice warning grocery stores that they could not label milk as free of genetically altered hormones, squelching the public's right to know. Taylor's reasoning: There is "virtually" no difference between dairy products containing Posilac and those without it.

Testifying before an FDA panel in 1999, Robert Cohen pointed out that Congress introduced a bill in 1994 to require mandatory labeling to indicate products with synthetic hormones. But the House Dairy, Livestock and Poultry Subcommittee stalled it. "I investigated the 12 committee members who stopped the bill," Cohen recalls, "and I found that they collectively took $711,000 in PAC money from Monsanto and other companies."

Pennsylvania banned mandatory labeling, but rescinded the ban after consumer backlash. Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Indiana and Michigan all have existing or pending laws limiting what labels may say about hormones in milk. "Monsanto is trying to get states to thwart the market from working," stated Michael Hansen, senior scientist for Consumers Union. "If the market wants blue corn and not yellow, and people want blue, that's the way the market works."

In 2008, amid mounting pressure from the public and consumer groups, Monsanto sold Posilac to pharmaceutical giant Eli Lilly. Today 58% of the herds in the U.S. are injected with the genetically altered hormone.

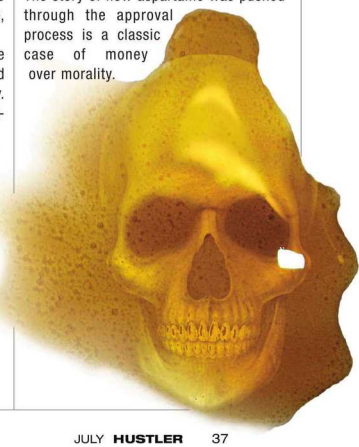
Biochemical Weapons on Every Dinner Table: Just as telling is how the sweetener aspartame, developed by G.D. Searle & Company, got its stamp of approval.

Aspartame—found in NutraSweet, Equal, children's vitamins and about 6,000 foods and beverages—was classified a potential biochemical warfare weapon by the Pentagon, according to info that reportedly emerged during a U.S. Senate committee hearing on November 3, 1987. Because aspartame tastes sweet and has no calories, it's used in many diet drinks and foods. But since the artificial sweetener is cheaper than sugar, it's often used in nondiet foods as well.

Aspartame has been linked to brain cancer, sudden cardiac death, multiple sclerosis, Parkinson's disease, diabetes, bipolar disorder and a menu of behavioral and health conditions. When ingested, the additive breaks down into its three main components, all of which may act as neurotoxins that destroy human cells and organs.

Physician John Olney warned Searle early that aspartic acid, the key component of aspartame, actually caused holes in the brains of mice. Even Searle researcher Ann Reynolds admitted to neurotoxicity in her study. Searle ignored the warning and omitted several negative studies when the company submitted data to the FDA. For several years the FDA did its job, refusing to approve aspartame. At one point the agency's task force on aspartame safety damned Searle's official studies as "incredibly sloppy."

Although it's been removed from the market in Romania, and the European Food Safety Authority is currently considering a total ban, aspartame continues to poison the rest of the world's population. The story of how aspartame was pushed through the approval process is a classic case of money over morality.



Aspartame—found in NutraSweet, Equal, children's vitamins and about 6,000 foods and beverages—was allegedly classified a potential biochemical warfare weapon by the Pentagon.

There is a well-oiled revolving door between Big Pharma and the FDA. To illustrate: Monsanto scientist Margaret Miller wrote the report on Posilac. After she left Monsanto to join the FDA, she ended up actually evaluating her own positive report. Not surprisingly, the hormone was approved, freaky gene and all.

Michael Taylor, a second cousin of Tipper Gore, could be the poster boy for revolving-door syndrome. He has repeatedly gone back and forth from the FDA (while Monsanto was seeking approval for Posilac) to law firms fighting for the growth hormone's approval. If President Barack Obama is really on the side of Main Street, why is Michael Taylor involved with the new administration?

Pus on Your Cereal: Many farmers have reported horrible symptoms from Posilac in their cows, particularly mastitis, a painful infection of the udders. To treat the infection, which decreases milk production and creates pus that ends up in the milk, farmers must then purchase and inject more antibiotics. This not only increases antibiotics in the milk, it also helps create drug-resistant organisms.

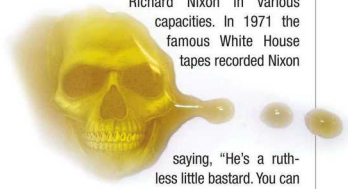
"Hell, the last eight shitty years are Al Gore's fault! He never should have accepted the Supreme Court's decision to select me as President, the big pussy!"

Rumsfeld's Plague: "Big Pharma has no scruples," says Betty Martini. She calls aspartame's approval and marketing "the worst case of corruption in the history of the world. It has led to mass poisoning of Americans and people in 100 other countries." A long line of corrupt judges, politicians and FDA officials is the reason you can put Equal in your morning coffee. UPI reported that ten federal officials involved in approving aspartame ended up in jobs at or connected to the manufacturer.

"Searle paid off everybody, and everyone in the company knew it was harmful," Martini says. "I even interviewed Jan Kinnard, the temp hired by Searle to shred studies that would have kept it off the market."

In 2008 Kinnard stated, "The results were outrageous. This stuff killed everything it touched."

Presented with evidence of aspartame toxicity, the FDA at first denied approval of the chemical. In desperation, Searle hired Donald Rumsfeld as its CEO in 1977. Rumsfeld had been President Gerald Ford's secretary of defense and would later hold the same post under George W. Bush. He also worked for Richard Nixon in various capacities. In 1971 the famous White House tapes recorded Nixon saying, "He's a ruthless little bastard. You can be sure of that."



According to *The Ecologist*, an independent environmental affairs magazine published in England, when Rumsfeld was CEO of Searle, he vowed at a sales meeting to "call in his markers" to get aspartame approved. One day after President Ronald Reagan's 1981 inauguration, Searle reapplied to the FDA for aspartame approval.

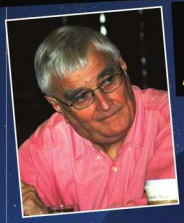
Reagan fired the FDA Commissioner and appointed Arthur Hull Hayes Jr., who was later forced to resign for taking free rides on private jets belonging to General Foods, a major buyer of aspartame. Hayes returned to private life and eventually ended up doing PR work for Searle and Monsanto. But before heading to the private sector, he approved aspartame over the objections of the FDA's Public Board of Inquiry. Rumsfeld himself made a reported $12 million when Monsanto purchased Searle in 1985.

Aspartame would never have been approved without Rumsfeld's influence-peddling, says Martini. "That's why we call it Rumsfeld's Plague."

"Who Put Pubic Hair on My Diet Coke?" An avalanche of complaints about aspartame soon hit the FDA. Leading the move- *(continued on page 60)*

"My wife used to look like Pamela Anderson, but I guess a few thousand face-slamming blowjobs take their toll."

ALIEN ABDUCTIONS ARE HAPPENING



BUDD HOPKINS, THE DEAN OF HYPNOTIC REGRESSION, EXPLAINS THE DARK FACTS.

One often-dismissed corner of the UFO mystery is the investigation of alien abductions and hypnotic regression. Budd Hopkins practically gave birth to this line of study. Since 1975 he has dealt with scores of people who reportedly levitated out of windows into hovering spacecraft, enduring medical examinations by weird humanoid creatures. Many abductees spoke of what Hopkins dubbed "missing time." Abductions, impregnation, hybrid children, radiation sickness—these phenomena cast the alien business in a sinister light.

The author of several best-sellers—*Missing Time*, *Intruders*, *Witnessed* and *Sight Unseen*—Hopkins proclaims, "We don't have much that's benign."

HUSTLER: Your first book, *Missing Time*, claimed that at least 70% of alien-abduction experiences went unreported. Do you think that figure has changed?

BUDD HOPKINS: It's difficult to say. It isn't just that people fear ridicule. In general the public believes the reality of abductions and the reality of UFOs. There have been so many new, interesting incidents—the [Stephenville] Texas flap and the O'Hare incident [where a possible UFO was reportedly sighted by pilots and ground personnel at the Chicago airport on November 7, 2006].

When I started, in '76, there were maybe ten or 11 known abduction cases. In each one, people remembered a huge amount, like [Betty and Barney] Hill. They remembered the craft, the aliens in the window. There was the '73 Pascagoula, Mississippi, incident, where Charlie Hickson and Alvin Parker remembered being taken inside a craft. They remembered all of this before hypnosis. In later cases people remembered very little, but knew that something terrible had happened.

How did you train to become an expert in regression?

I'm ultimately self-taught. As I went along, I had to conduct police-style investigations. Folklore changes all the time, but these phenomena don't change. I'm hoping to present a mini-handbook for investigators on how to handle people who might be abductees: What to say and not to say.

When I first started running into abduction cases in '76, I hooked up with psychologist Dr. Aphrodite Clamar. For seven years I would watch her techniques, writing notes. The major issues are how you handle the emotions of the people, how to question without leading, how to elicit information despite a block.

Your investigations have revealed similar patterns in different cases and disparate areas: people "frozen" or pulled from cars, being "immobilized" or "switched off" while their companion is abducted.

Many of these patterns emerged while I wrote *Missing Time*. For instance, a "screen memory" is a false image imposed by the aliens in order to soften their actual physical appearance and reduce the abductee's fear. I don't know of any abduction researcher who doesn't accept all of these patterns.

In *Intruders* you mentioned alien implants. Subsequently, California podiatrist Dr. Roger Leir began performing implant-removal operations. What are your thoughts on these alleged implants?

I definitely feel that implants have been placed in people. I have no idea why they would've been put there, all without a scar!

When Dr. Leir performs one of these removals, some TV shows have the object taken to a lab, which later says, "The material components of this could have been produced terrestrially."

It's very hard to prove a negative. That's Dr. Leir's problem once he's removed one of these weird things: establishing that it could not have been manufactured on Earth. It just needs a huge amount of intense lab work, which is unfortunately very expensive.

The entire business should give you an uneasy feeling. The theory that [alien implants] are tracking devices is so anthropomorphic. That's the way we think about wild animals. I don't think we have any idea what these things are for.

Does it seem abductions increase during political or global crises, or does it seem that the extraterrestrials' agendas remain baffling?

I haven't seen much evidence that they're concerned with Earth politics. Linda Cortile was the only case that I have ever run into where there seems to be a deliberate attempt to have an abductee present themselves to world leaders.

[Cortile's experience was described in Hopkins's book *Witnessed*. The New York housewife allegedly levitated out of her Manhattan high-rise during

PHOTOS BY NICHOLAS D. ROESLER

Budd Hopkins (at mic) and UFO researcher Leslie Kean (center) lead a MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) symposium.

a series of abductions, then was given complex messages about the environment that she was supposedly ordered to tell world leaders.]

In some cases the aliens present imagery of a beautiful, lush Earth, and then it's all burning up. That may have to do with the aliens' concern that we ought to take better care of the planet. But is that resulting planet for us or them?

As for attempting to communicate with political leaders, or affect what's going on here socially or politically on Earth, this has never been a central issue. Don't forget, there are abductions going back to the 1920s and all through World War II, decades before the atomic bomb and the murders of hundreds of thousands of people. Yet in all that time there's no record that aliens rescued even one single baby from Auschwitz, or anything like it.

In 1993 you learned of an official government investigation into Linda Cortile's case. What agency might have conducted it?

I have reason to believe that the agents were with the NSA, the National Security Agency, but I have no hard evidence. Obviously, somebody is doing it for the government.

Why do certain types of individuals seem targeted for abduction and not others? Why are Midwestern housewives being whisked off as opposed to quantum physicists?

The point is that the abductions—the removal of sperm and ova, the reproductive experiments, which result in the production of these little "babies" that are presented to their "parents" later on [as reported by abductees]—I don't think anyone wrote about this before I did. I think of it as the Rosetta Stone of the UFO phenomena because it explains the whole thing and why it's covert. The fact is that they're taking chunks of people—literally, their flesh! They're not only taking sex cells, they're also taking samples of flesh, leaving little "scoop marks."

Regarding housewives, aliens can actually take anybody. I've met an abductee who is a NASA research scientist, obviously extremely intelligent. I've worked with a lot of people who are bright, incredibly gifted: high-ranking military officers, eight psychiatrists. I've worked with two MacArthur Foundation grant recipients, but they didn't want to come forward. The higher up the socioeconomic ladder, the less likely the person is to come forward.

Were you the first UFO researcher to use the term "hybrid"?

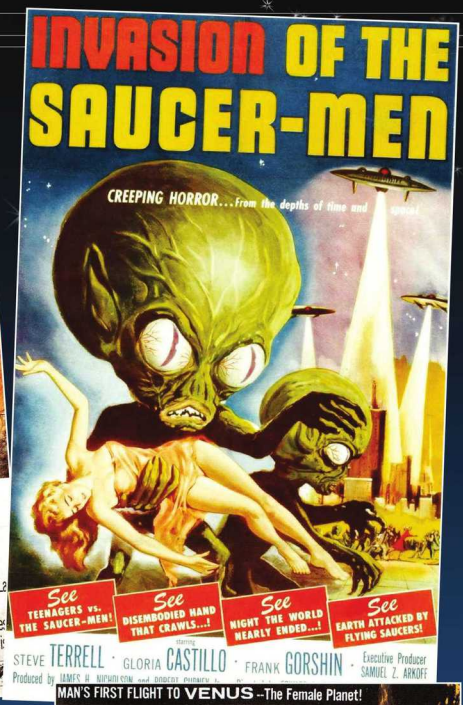
Yes, although I think a better term would be "genetically altered beings." We don't know why they are being produced, but the implications aren't good.

What is your opinion of "exo-politicians," the self-professed experts claiming to know about intergalactic protocol with assorted extraterrestrial races?

I think these exo-politicians are doing enormous harm. They have their lists of how many different alien races there are, which absolutely nobody knows, and they're ready when the aliens land. You have people like Stephen Bassett claiming the government's about ready to announce disclosure. He holds a press conference, then gets totally lambasted. Or someone who claims New Mexico Governor [Bill] Richardson was a CIA agent privy to UFO secrets. They present this nonsense to the press, who immediately think of all of us—my work, everyone who's serious—in the same way as the exo-politicians or the Ashtar Command [a group that claims it receives messages from the godlike space brothers on another planet].

I was speaking at a conference in Italy, and this exo-politician had a PowerPoint presentation explaining about 20 different alien races. In his presentation he quoted people I knew to be total nutcases, who claimed to have seen alien beings with *(continued on page 57)*

WHO CAN SAVE THE UNIVERSE ?
"BARBARELLA"
QUEEN OF THE GALAXY
Paramount Pictures presents a Dino De Laurentiis production, Jane Fonda in "Barbarella" starring John Phillip La
Marcel Marceau, Special guest appearance David Hemmings as Dildano and with Ugo Tognazzi as Mark Hand,
Produced by Dino De Laurentiis, Directed by Roger Vadim, From the bestseller "Barbarella" by Jean Claude Fores
published by "Le Terrain Vague",Screenplay by Terry Southern, a Franco-Italian co-production, Dino De Laurentiis
Cinematografica S.p.A. Marianne Productions,Panavision® Technicolor® A Paramount Pictures Re-Release


INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN
CREEPING HORROR...From the depths of time and
See TEENAGERS vs. THE SAUCER-MEN!
See DISEMBODIED HAND THAT CRAWLS...!
See NIGHT THE WORLD NEARLY ENDED...!
See EARTH ATTACKED BY FLYING SAUCERS!
STEVE TERRELL · GLORIA CASTILLO · FRANK GORSHIN ·
Executive Producer SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF

MAN'S FIRST FLIGHT TO VENUS -The Female Planet!
QUEEN OF OUTER-SPACE
COLOR BY DE LUXE CINEMASCOPE
An ALLIED ARTISTS Picture
starring
ZSA ZSA GABOR
ERIC FLEMING · LAURIE MITCHELL · LISA DAVIS
From a Story by BEN HECHT • Produced by BEN SCHWALB • Directed by EDWARD BERNDS • Screenplay by CHARLES BEAUMONT

KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES

THE POSTERS FOR 1950s AND '60s SCI-FI MOVIES WERE OFTEN BETTER THAN THE FILMS THEMSELVES.

"Sell the sizzle, not the steak" went the old advertising line, and it was never truer than in ballyhoo for science fiction films of two generations ago. The first sci-fi boom began with nicely done chillers like *Man From Planet X*, *The Thing* and *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. Quality quickly went downhill, with occasional spikes of luminance like *Forbidden Planet* and *This Island Earth*. Otherwise, producers assumed if you had a poster depicting a flying saucer and a girl menaced by an alien, you'd haul crowds into the theater. They were right.

The legendarily cheap AIP—American International Pictures—designed posters before a script was even written, approaching theater owners with a lurid, sex-and-monsters image. If they got enough suckers to buy the film, then they'd shoot it.

In any case, the graphic images in the theater lobby promised outer space chills inside. The best flicks are still watchable today on DVD, and even the cheapest deliver entertainment—even if it is only howls of laughter.

THE ASTOUNDING SHE MONSTER (1957)

Despite the evocative ad art, most of this cheapie takes place in a mountain shack. The flick is notable for a space babe in tights who always walks directly toward the camera or backs up from it, never turning around. The reason: She split her leotard up the ass the first day of shooting, and the tightwad producers didn't want to buy another.

INVADERS FROM MARS (1953)

Alien implants make their debut in this surreal kid's-point-of-view paranoid classic. *Invaders* boasts huge mutants in green velour overalls; a tentacled, bodyless head in a glass orb; and a sandpit that sucks people underground.

INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN (1957)

A squad of cabbage-brained, bug-eyed monsters scares the crap out of teenagers at lovers' lane while the incompetent military tries to keep the alien invasion under wraps. The latter plot element seems to have become mandatory viewing for our government officials.

QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE (1958)

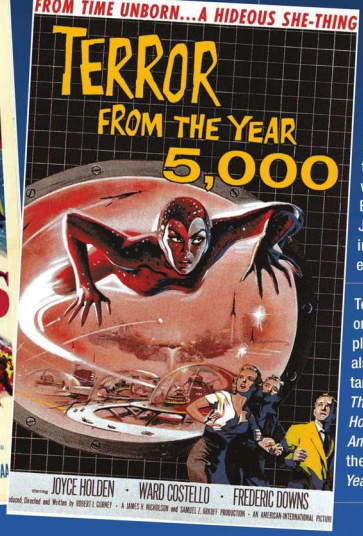
This Ben Hecht/Charles Beaumont parody was played straight by the actors, with hand-me-down *Forbidden Planet* uniforms, recycled effects from *World Without End* and Zsa Zsa Gabor as the only cougar on Venus with a Hungarian accent. But if you have to be threatened by otherworldly forces, what could be better than invaders from a planet inhabited by miniskirted beauties?

A CREATURE FROM BEYOND THE STARS
EVIL...
BEAUTIFUL...
DEADLY...!
THE ASTOUNDING
SHE
MONSTER
ROBERT CLARKE · KENNE DUNCAN · MARILYN HARVEY
JEANNE TATUM · SHIRLEY KILPATRICK · EWING BROWN
Story and Screenplay by FRANK HALL · Produced and Directed by RONNIE ASHCROFT · A HOLLYWOOD INTERNATIONAL Production
An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Release

BARBARELLA (1968)

If our planet has to be invaded, let it be by Jane Fonda in her prime. There's a weightless striptease behind the credits, a "sex organ" played by the villain and lotsa leather, fur and lesbo action. Yowzah!

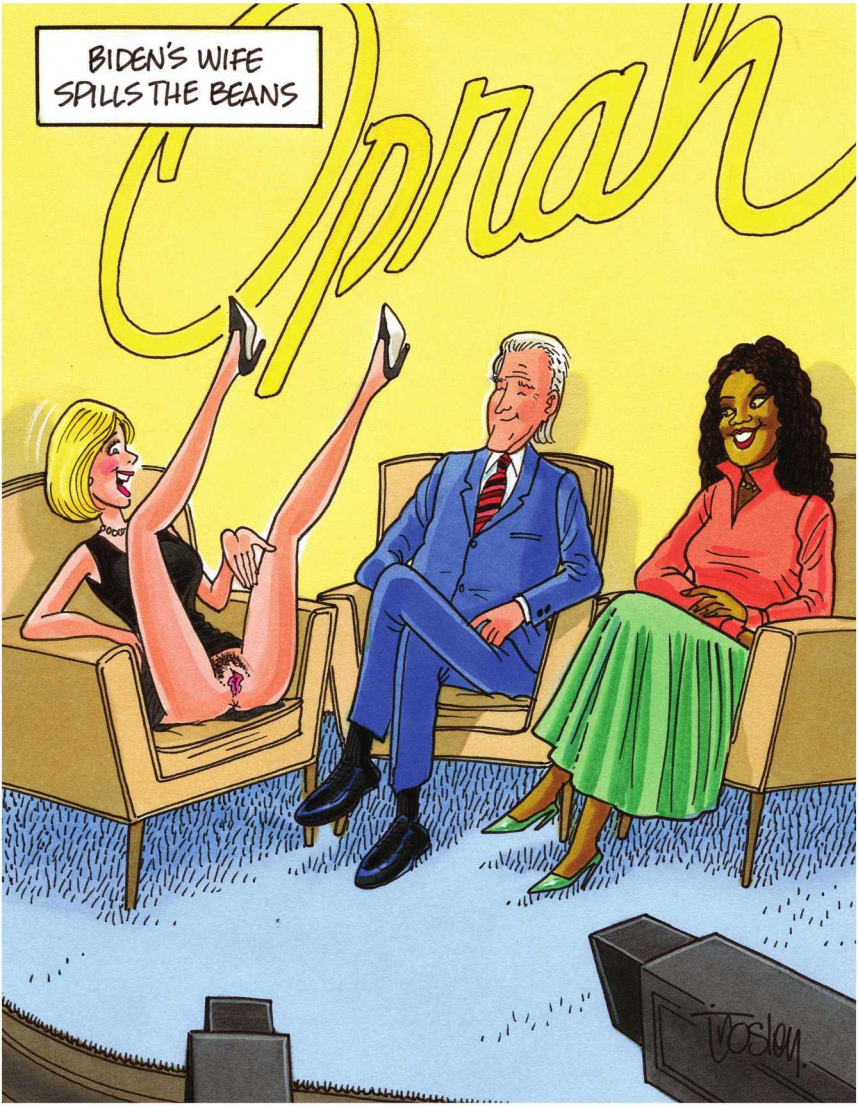
EDWARD L. ALPERSON
presents
INVADERS FROM MARS
Photographed in COLOR
starring HELENA CARTER · ARTHUR FRANZ · JIMMY HUNT
with LEIF ERICKSON · HILLARY BROOKE · MORRIS ANKRUM · MAE MARDER · BILL PHIPPS · WILBURN STONE · JIMMIE PEREGRINE
AN EDWARD L. ALPERSON PRODUCTION · Released by 20th Century-Fox
Screenplay by WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES · RICHARD BLAKE · Produced by EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR. · Directed by RAOUL KRAUSHAAR


FROM TIME UNBORN...A HIDEOUS SHE-THING
TERROR
FROM THE YEAR
5,000
starring JOYCE HOLDEN · WARD COSTELLO · FREDERIC DOWNS
Produced, Directed and Written by ROBERT J. GURNEY · A JAMES H. NICHOLSON and SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF PRODUCTION · AN AMERICAN-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

TERROR FROM THE YEAR 5,000 (1958)

Another misunderstood invader, this time with spangles on her leotard, time-travels back to the '50s to warn of future disaster. Broadway actress Salome Jens made her screen debut in this movie—and was embarrassed for years.

Ted Newsom cowrote the original *Spider-Man* screenplay. The Oregon native is also an actor, video documentary director (*Flesh and Blood: The Hammer Heritage of Horror, Ed Wood: Look Back in Angora*) and writer/director of the 26-episode series *100 Years of Horror.*



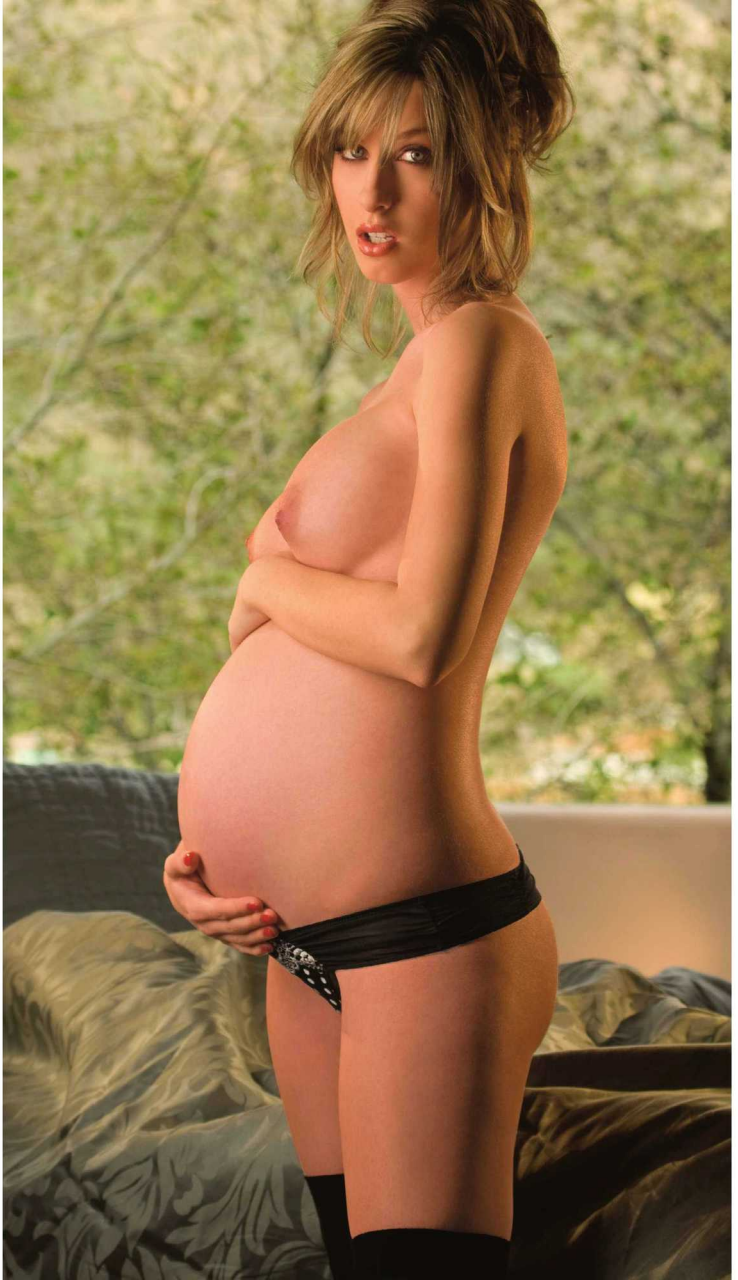
"So I said to Joe, if you accept the secretary of state position instead of Vice President and are gone constantly traveling all over the world...no pussy!"

BunnyRanch Hottie
Pregnant Pause
ALANA LOVE
HUSTLER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

It is said that a woman emits a discernible glow when pregnant. As you can see, **Alana Love** is glowing all over. Meet the BunnyRanch babe who, despite being with child, announced on *The Howard Stern Show* that she was available for "dates" at the world-famous Nevada brothel. Soon after **Alana** posed for this layout, we asked her what kind of guy would want to have sex with a knocked-up chick?

"I think it's mostly guys who are curious or into trying something different," Alana responded. "I must say, it can be very exotic. Most guys, even if they get someone pregnant, won't have sex with a pregnant girl. A lot of men are worried or nervous they'll hurt the baby. We all know that is just a myth."

Describing business as "brisk," **Alana** went on to say, "A lot of men have been showing up to give it a try. I have to admit I'm a little tired but in a very good way. A few guys backed out at the last minute. I guess they just weren't up for the challenge."



As for the sex itself, **Alana** stated, "For me it has been terrific! Guys don't realize that a woman can be extremely horny when she's pregnant. My hormones are all out of control, and I've been having more orgasms than usual. It's a win/win situation really."

ALANA LOVE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Everett, Washington | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 110 (before pregnancy)

POSTSCRIPT: Alana Love recently gave birth to a seven-pound, six-ounce baby girl. Both mother and child are doing well.

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

AWESOME PARTY

A hottie and her man become a Bunny's delight

I want to tell you about one of the best parties I've ever hosted. It was actually with a couple. Amber (not her real name) was a hot little number, about 24, with blond hair and the cutest smile. Her boyfriend, Joe (another alias), looked to be in his early 50s but in just awesome shape. Their chemistry, even in the parlor, was just endearing.

They came by to have some fun with another girl. Wanting to do it in a safe environment and with someone who wouldn't lead to some sort of jealousy issue, Amber and Joe came by the BunnyRanch. I'm sure glad they did.

We started out just doing a massage threeway. Even making out, Amber and Joe were just so sexy with each other! I liked that both partiers were rubbing me all over as they smooched. My nipples tingled, and my pussy was getting sopping wet.

It appeared they weren't uptight about having another girl with them at all. Still, they were new to all this. While caressing my breasts, Amber asked, "Can I give Joe head?"

"That's your man," I told her. "You go for it, girl."I thought it was so hot to see them reacting like that to one another.

I was really turned on even before Amber said, "Go ahead and fuck yourself!" And I was like, "Great," because that's what I wanted to do. I also wanted to do them both, but we'd agreed that I would mostly be a naked partner for the couple to look at and touch.

So as Amber went down on her boyfriend, I grabbed a dildo and went to town. Then the lovebirds started fucking while I continued fucking myself right beside them, imagining that I had the gray-haired hunk's cock deep inside me. From time to time they'd reach over and grab my boobs and massage them or massage the insides of my legs and my thighs. I had a string of orgasms, but the hottest thing for me was the chemistry between Amber and Joe. I especially loved how they kept telling each other to look at me while I played with myself. It was so fucking hot. I mean, it was a great party, but it was also a great memory. I'll be masturbating to that one again and again. ***—Audrey***

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

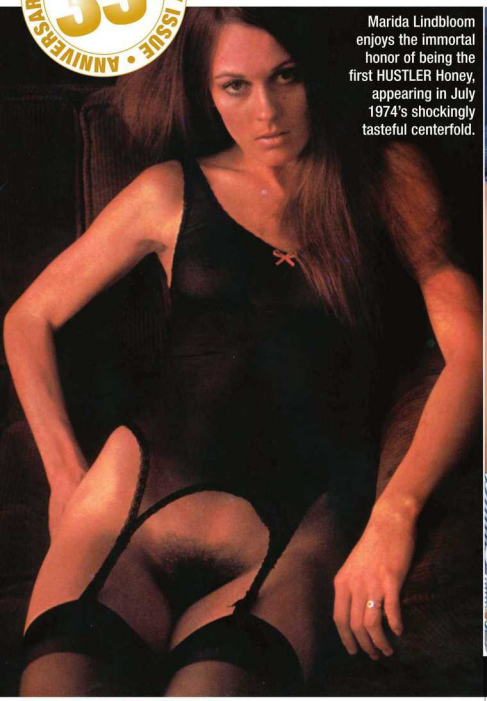
THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.

HUSTLER®

35th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

CLASSIC HUSTLER HONEYS

Landmark beauties from three-and-a-half decades of centerfolds.



Marida Lindbloom enjoys the immortal honor of being the first HUSTLER Honey, appearing in July 1974's shockingly tasteful centerfold.

HUSTLER's first Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold wafted out of the August '77 issue, followed by revivals of the technique in July '82 and September '93.

HUSTLER Magazine burst onto the scene in 1974 with its trademark mix of raunchy humor, fearless writing and steamy sex pictorials. The first bushy centerfold models—dubbed HUSTLER Honeys—were well-behaved by today's standards, but it wasn't long before taboo-buster Larry Flynt had pioneered the "split beaver," or fully spread pussy, famously arguing that "a woman's vagina has just as much personality as her face."

HUSTLER's breakthrough views of moist, stretched-open pink—which achieved their full glory by the late '70s—joined other piquant innovations, notably the world's first Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold and the "life-size" Honey. The centerfolds in "America's Magazine" went on to explore everything from lesbian love and group sex to the allure of pregnancy—and one even featured a three-breasted model! (See page 24 for a look back at HUSTLER's novelty centerfolds.)

Over the years some of America's biggest XXX stars have also become HUSTLER Honeys, including Amber Lynn, Tera Patrick and Jenna Jameson.

For the May '84 issue, Flynt invited radical preacher and actor Marjoe Gortner to create a visionary look at sex and religion.

In April '78, Honeys Janet & Karen graced HUSTLER's pages as the mag's first two-girl centerfold.

Inga's opulent December '81 appearance introduced a trend of costumed pictorials.

In 1991 photographer Clive McLean's lens captured Amber Lynn at the platinum peak of her popularity for our premier Holiday issue.

Rock-solid stunner Charmaine scorched the gatefold of HUSTLER's 20th Anniversary Issue in July '94.

Tera Patrick's first centerfold spread—as newcomer "Tara"—turned heads in February 2000. She soon became a XXX superstar, making HUSTLER Honey encores in November '04 and Holiday '05.

Jenna Jameson made her first centerfold appearance in November '94, just one year after her entry into the world of porn. She returned as a HUSTLER Honey in April '03 and February '04.

(continued from page 41) wings. And these crazy flying-critter stories would be listed by this guy as one of the races!

When he came to the famous Betty and Barney Hill case, this guy got their name wrong—he called them Betty and Barney Woods! He was ignorant of the most basic material. This guy and the other exo-politician "experts" claim there are 57 different varieties of races or some such number.

Sometimes this disinformation is spread intentionally. I've known two military officers who were shown different documents. One paper claimed there were 13 alien races visiting Earth; another claimed 69 of them. Obviously, they can't both be right, and possibly they're both wrong. Who knows? That smells like [intentional government] disinformation.

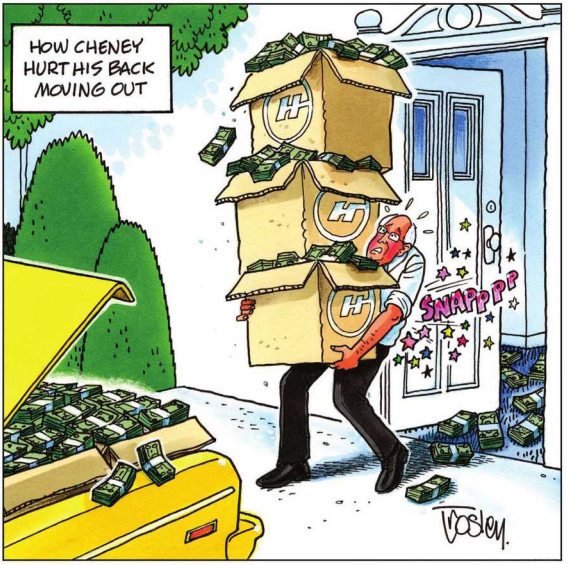
So who is abducting people? And what is their agenda?

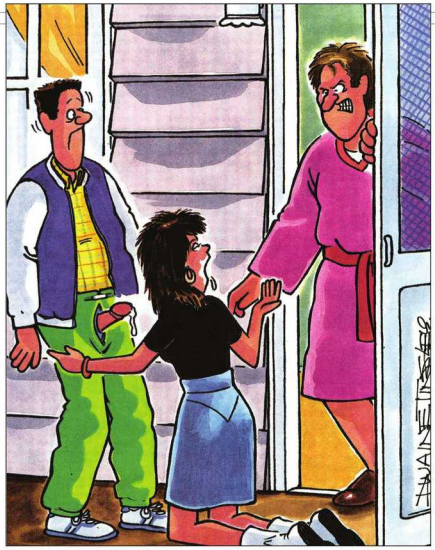
We don't know their program, their techniques or their goals. Will they take over? Will they coexist with us? They do seem to all be working together, however. It's not one group doing one procedure, and another doing something else. It's interesting, frightening and suspicious.

We really don't know the alien capabilities. We might not even know our own! This is all secret stuff. You've probably seen on television the ray that can be emitted from a truck. It doesn't paralyze a target or do permanent harm, but it can knock people down from 80 or 100 feet away. You just aim it at the guy, and down he goes. But despite all this talk about remote viewing, soldiers had to stumble over Saddam Hussein! Even our smart bombs miss their targets occasionally. We don't seem to have anything anywhere near alien efficiency, with their ability to paralyze people or control humans' behavior by simple eye contact. And I certainly hope we don't get it very soon either!

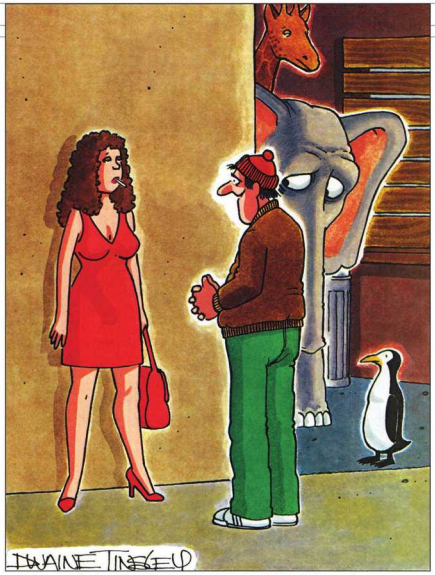
Skylaire Alfvegren—whose first UFO sighting, she says, occurred in childhood—began her gonzo journalism career as a consultant for *Strange Universe*, Fox's onetime "paranormal news program." Besides conducting research for SyFy (formerly the SCI FI Channel), she has written about movies, music and unexplained phenomena for HUSTLER, *LA Weekly*, *Las Vegas CityLife*, *The Believer* and *Fortean Times*.

"My husband and I miss our President Bush and could never accept that Obama person, so we're moving to a proper, white, racist country!"

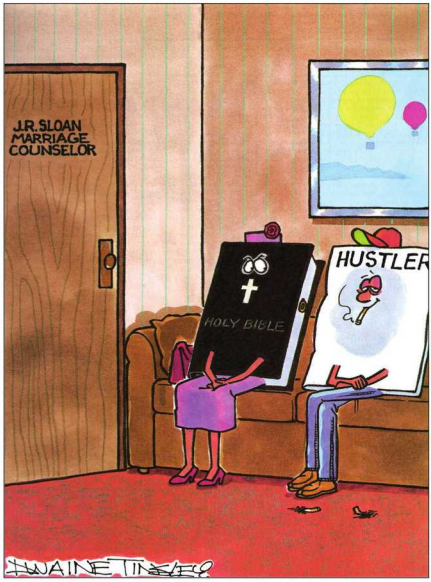


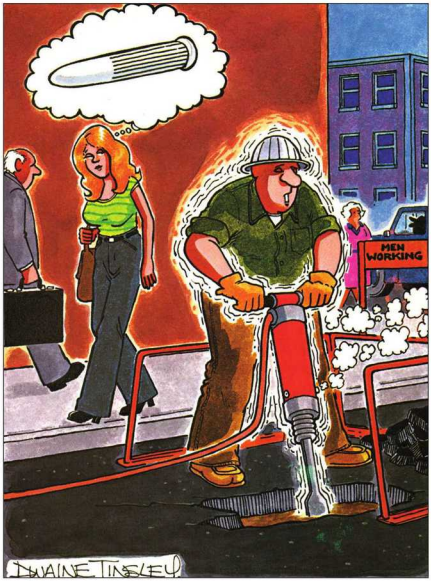


"Gee, Dad, you *told* me that when it came to sex, I should use my *head*!"



"Uh...where do you stand on bestiality?"





DWAINE TINSLEY

DRAWN TO CONTROVERSY

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE • 35th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE •

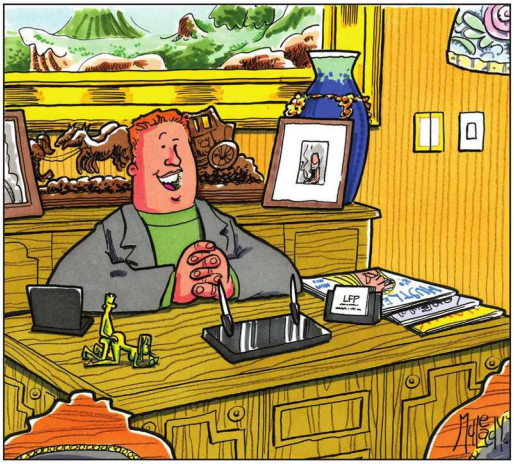
A leering look at the illustrated life of **HUSTLER's** most notorious cartoonist, who 35 years ago helped establish our publication as the place for cutting-edge humor.

Depending on whom you speak to, Dwaine Tinsley was either a creative genius whose cartoons set the standard for cutting-edge art or a depraved child molester living out sick fantasies through his work. By reading *Most Outrageous: The Trials and Trespasses of Dwaine Tinsley and Chester the Molester*, you'll get to decide for yourself. Bob Levin's new book sheds light on the legendary HUSTLER cartoonist without passing judgment or picking a side. Nevertheless, the author paints a fascinating picture of the good ol' boy folks around here called Uncle Dwaine.

Most Outrageous provides a detailed account of the 1989 sexual abuse trial that ensued after one of Tinsley's daughters accused him of the unthinkable. It also clearly outlines the prejudices that plagued Tinsley due to his graphic and controversial cartoons. Was he framed by a drug-addicted teenager hell-bent on destroying her father? Or was he guilty as charged? We don't know, although we lean toward the notion Tinsley was the victim. What we do know is that he helped propel HUSTLER into the national spotlight with his shocking, groundbreaking creations. Tinsley, who passed away in 2000, wasn't afraid to leave good taste behind in order to get a reaction from the magazine's readers. This shock-and-awe style not only left a lasting impression on his counterparts, but also inspired fledgling illustrators to follow suit and push the boundaries of cartooning.

Given the renewed interest in Tinsley's personal life and professional career, what better time for a retrospective showcasing a selection of his signature cartoons? Whatever you end up thinking about the man, you can't deny that what he drew will probably make you laugh.

Most Outrageous: The Trials and Trespasses of Dwaine Tinsley and Chester the Molester by Bob Levin is available at bookstores or online at **Fantagraphics.com**.



"You're damn right I asked the government for a $5-billion bailout! I've got just as much right to piss away billions of dollars as the banks and auto industry!"

WITH THIS ECONOMY WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE SOME CUTS IN OUR BUDGET FOR ENTERTAINMENT. MOVIE NIGHT IS OUT, NO MORE GOURMET NIGHT, MARTINI NIGHT OR CLUB NIGHT. BLOWJOB NIGHT IS STILL SAFE THOUGH.

(continued from page 38) ment to ban it were Dr. John Olney and former "Nader Raider" James Turner, an attorney and consumer advocate with D.C.-based Swankin & Turner. Because the FDA simply ignored the complaints (even those of its own scientists), Olney and Turner took their case to the justice system.

The courts have proven to be as crooked as the FDA and Searle, however. "Complain about aspartame and you might just as well report a mugging to the Mafia," says Martini.

Clarence Thomas had risen to associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court when it refused to consider arguments about aspartame safety in a case filed by the Community Nutrition Institute and other consumer groups. Thomas had once been an attorney at—guess where?—Monsanto.

Meanwhile, the data continue to pile up against the additive. Aspartame's catastrophic effects are detailed in respected physician Russell Blaylock's *Excitotoxins: The Taste That Kills*. His book sheds light on various chemicals that stimulate the death of nerve cells and cause DNA damage. Brain cancer, multiple sclerosis, Lou Gehrig's disease, autism, attention disorders and Alzheimer's are just some of the afflictions that have escalated since aspartame appeared on the market. Dr. Blaylock also reports that drinking just one diet soda a day can lead to aspartame poisoning because the excitotoxin accumulates in the body.

In *Deadly Deception: The Story of Aspartame*, Mary Nash Stoddard (of the Aspartame Consumer Safety Network) includes an entire chapter just on the dangers to pilots who drink beverages laced with the additive. They have been reported to lose consciousness from aspartame poisoning.

FDA—the Food and Death Administration: "This particularly nasty substance should never have been approved for human use," Dr. Blaylock has written. "In fact, had it not been for some fancy footwork by those in power in the FDA, it never would have."

In 1987 FDA toxicologist Dr. Jacqueline Verrett testified before a U.S. Senate committee, disclosing that aspartame's safety was never proven at the FDA. Verrett said she and other regulators were pressured to approve data that were "a disaster." Dr. Verrett, who wrote *Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health: The Case Against Food Additives*, called for terminating the FDA. She stated, "When science and the public interest win out, it is invariably only after the government has been pushed to the wall."

Debbie Epstein is an award-winning journalist who has written extensively for medical and consumer publications. She and her husband reside in Ringwood, New Jersey.

Me, Jane:
Jungle
Pussy
SEPTEMBER 1975
HUSTLER
CLASSIC

When **Jane** agreed to be photographed for HUSTLER, it was on one condition—that she would be "captured" acting out her favorite fantasy.

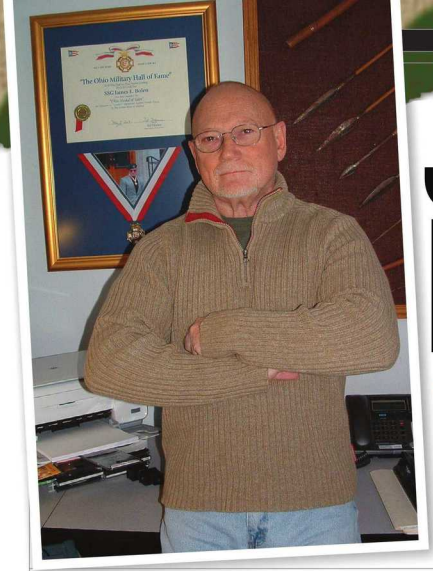
Jane fantasizes being held captive by an aboriginal African tribe. "It was looking at all those *National Geographic* magazines when I was a little girl that first turned me on a few years ago. They published some wild, half-naked tribesmen doing native dances. All that male nudity! I couldn't keep my hands out of my pants.

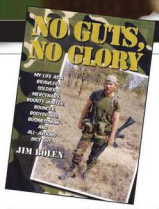
"I see myself imprisoned, under guard, in a hut. I'm used to satisfying all those hungry men before they go to war, eat, hunt or sleep, whenever they want me."

"I got so used to all those big, black cocks that when they throw me my food, which usually consists of coconuts and bananas, I need to be satisfied then and there."

"The natives find this so amusing; they try to humiliate and break me. But they can't—I won't let them. I never show any pain or embarrassment. I just have to submit to their desires because I don't know what they'll do if I refuse.

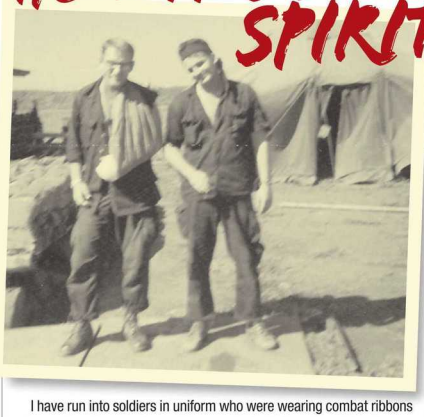
"I always come when they gang-bang me. But one day maybe I'll meet a guy in real life who can handle this. Right now, though, one cock at a time just isn't enough."





JIM BOLEN

THE WARRIOR SPIRIT



JIM BOLEN IS THE GUY-NEXT-DOOR—if your closest neighbor is a much-decorated Green Beret, former mercenary, NASCAR maven and entrepreneur. Bolen's autobiography *No Guts, No Glory* (excerpted in our March '09 issue) lays out his life, which included a stint providing security for HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt, a shaky bust for alleged gunrunning and too many mano-a-mano fistfights to count.

HUSTLER: You got into scrapes in school, but those reading *No Guts, No Glory* never get a sense of you being a bully.

JIM BOLEN: I have always hated bullies. In my book I describe what I went through after letting myself get picked on. It cost me a lot of sleepless nights for a number of years. I decided that was never going to happen to me again. That incident in my life is what got me interested in weightlifting.

The reader gets a feeling you plan things carefully, A-B-C….

I visualize everything before I do it. When I started my business, Jebco [Slick Track Racing Inc.], I would build a piece of equipment while lying in bed and actually have it run in production—all in my imagination. I was the same way in Vietnam, walking through missions in my mind the night before, anticipating any actions that might be needed. For some reason this was always easy for me. I have more common sense than book smarts. I believe in the "KISS" method: Keep It Simple, Stupid!

When you were in the service, how did you feel about having to return to duty after a trip home?

Being single then, I knew my family loved me, and I carried that with me. Now that I have finally become a father and husband, I realize the true heroes were married people leaving their spouses and children behind.

Have you encountered individuals who've perhaps fabricated being Vietnam War heroes?

I have run into soldiers in uniform who were wearing combat ribbons or jump wings improperly, or other awards that I know they did not earn. I try not to embarrass them but let them know that I know and that they should get their uniform straight as soon as possible. What makes me madder than anything is hearing someone say "I was in the war, and I cannot work" as an excuse to be a bum and grow long hair and a beard.

Can you explain why you preferred to use only tracer bullets in a firefight?

Common sense. Most of my kills were face-to-face, just a few meters apart. I always carried my weapon using a jungle sling on my hip, ready to fire. Obviously, you cannot aim from that position, but it gives you the advantage of firing first. It is important to know where your bullets are going, like a laser. Using tracers, you can walk your bullets right on target [to hit] the enemy. I remember many times when coming face-to-face with the enemy in the dense jungle, while he was bringing his weapon up to aim, I would have already hit him

PHOTOS COURTESY JIM BOLEN

A DECORATED HERO RE

two or three times, killing him.

You took part in incredibly dangerous insertion assignments. What kept you going back, risking your life again and again?

My unit worked behind enemy lines, on reconnaissance, wiretaps or taking prisoners for intelligence interrogation. You could quit whenever you wanted, but my commanders preferred you to do at least six missions a year. I really loved riding in the chopper to our target area, thinking about the mission, then jumping out into who-the-hell-knows-what. My commanders tried to get me to quit after 30-plus operations, but every mission was a new challenge. I guess that's what drove me. Maybe it was also the tremendous rush and the feeling of really being alive.

One operation earned you a Bronze Star for achievement but not for valor. What was that all about?

That still bothers me to this day. Imagine a classified operation with one other American and four indigenous Montagnard [Vietnamese mountain people] troops behind the enemy lines. That alone is worth a valor award. After moving through the jungle for a day, we came across two large enemy buildings about 30 feet apart on a trail the size of a two-lane highway. One building was without sides and completely filled with enemy weapons, the other building a resting area for enemy soldiers coming through to pick up their weapons before proceeding into South Vietnam.

I took pictures of the weapons and moved out of the area before we were detected. I coded up a radio message and explained what we had found, requesting to be reinforced with another recon team with explosives to destroy the enemy weapons. I moved my team out of the area for a couple of days so we could be reinforced without the enemy knowing we were in the area.

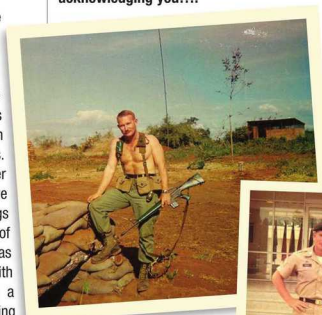
When the other team arrived, we prepared the explosives and started back toward the enemy compound. Problem was, when we got there, we found a small enemy unit preparing the weapons to be picked up by a larger unit coming through.

So your commander radioed you to abort because of the danger?

Of course, I declined. We waited there for a few hours; it seemed like days. I moved the team to the backside of the weapons building, entered to place the explosives, then moved out, pulling the detonator wire with us. Once my team was a safe distance away, I detonated the explosives. It was unbelievable. Weapons rained down through the jungle. The enemy troops were screaming like crazy.

When I got to the landing zone, the choppers were loaded with the [previously] captured weapons and the two teams, but there wasn't enough room for me. I told them to take off and send a gunship in for me. Just as I was getting on the gunship, the enemy came through the jungle. We all made it back safely. Hopefully, we saved a lot of American lives.

But then, when it came to officially acknowledging you….



We found out we were to get awards for "achievement," not "valor," because there were no enemy shots fired. I guess 80 pounds of C-4 and doing what we did was not a valorous act. What do you think?

After leaving the Army, you bought a string of popular bars. Did you anticipate as much action as you encountered as a bar owner?

It seemed like I got into trouble every night. Alcohol seems to make everyone a badass. There were too many fights to talk about, but I mention some of the more entertaining ones in my book.

Tell us about working as a bodyguard for Larry Flynt.

Larry was always demanding, and I liked that. Working for him was almost like being back in combat, but wearing tailor-made suits instead of fatigues. I liked to watch how Larry handled people. He is one of the smartest men I have been around. It really was a shame what happened to him [being shot and nearly killed in 1978].

You mention an incident where actor Ryan O'Neal was being a prick at a posh party, and Larry and Hugh Hefner stopped you from responding.

It was interesting being around Hollywood people, but we all put our pants on the same way. The reason I didn't beat the shit out of Ryan O'Neal was out of respect for Larry and Hefner. O'Neal deserved it, but the job of a personal bodyguard is to *protect* the person you are working for, not to satisfy a personal vendetta.

In 1977 you were involved in a deal that you felt was suspicious from the get-go, with purported gunrunners behaving in ways you knew were off-key. What do you think was behind this?

The gunrunning bust was definitely a setup. The ATF busted a punk who said he knew someone who just got back from Africa—me. They offered him immunity if he would create a situation involving me in a deal that could be considered illegal. I made the potential bust much more important. I was on the front page for seven days. But I will say the FBI, ATF, Customs and local police all treated me with respect because of my military background.

What advice can you give to someone who wants to be a tough guy?

Either you are a fighter or you are not. If you are not a fighter, that is nothing to be ashamed of. We are all made up differently. Try to walk away. I have seen too many people pay money to train to be a fighter, then go to a bar and get their ass kicked. All the training in the world does not make a real fighter. If you truly do not want to kill the person you are fighting, you are at a big disadvantage. In many of my fights I had to keep my emotions under control and stop myself. The more fights I had, the easier it was to maintain a sane level. Also, a lot has to do with the level of danger I feel I am in. Does the guy have a knife or gun? When I feel that sense of danger, that's when I find it hard to stop.

Jim Bolen's *No Guts, No Glory* is available online at ButlerBooks.com.

CALLS HIS BADASS LIFE.

Mamie

Sexpot. Pinup. Blonde bombshell. Platinum goddess. Only a handful of women in history can rightfully claim all these titles. Their names are etched in stone: Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren. In their heyday the trio known as "The Three M's" fueled the fantasies of every red-blooded American male.

Discovered by eccentric billionaire Howard Hughes on the night she was crowned Miss Palm Springs, Mamie Van Doren was destined for stardom. "He really liked my breasts and that I was 16," she admitted. "I was very vulnerable." During the couple's tumultuous five-year relationship the aviator-turned-movie-mogul cast the newcomer in a string of RKO movies, including *Jet Pilot*, *Two Tickets to Broadway* and *His Kind of Woman*.

In 1957 the landmark film *Untamed Youth* was condemned by the Catholic League of Decency. The controversy, which made the flick a box office hit, led to Van Doren signing with Universal Pictures. There she went on to personify the stereotypical '50s "bad girl" in *The Second Greatest Sex*, *Running Wild*, *Born Reckless*, *Teacher's Pet*, *High School Confidential* and *Guns, Girls and Gangsters*.

"Working with Clark Cable was my dream-come-true," Mamie tells us. "He was the king in those days—although his mustache got in the

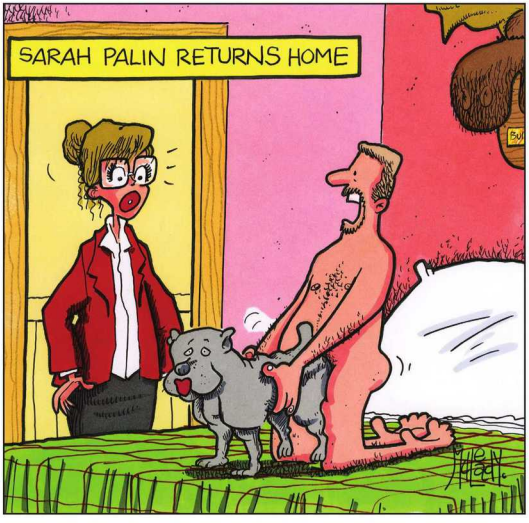
PHOTOS BY ALLEN MERCER AND THOMAS DIXON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Van Doren

FROM SEX KITTEN TO COUGAR GODDESS

"You gotta douche, Margo. This is getting ridiculous!"



"You're right; the only difference between you and a pit bull is lipstick."

(continued from page 71) way. But my favorite films were *Untamed Youth* and *Guns, Girls and Gangsters*. That was the beginning of rock 'n' roll in films."

Smart, fiercely independent and always in control of her career, Van Doren has never hesitated to do exactly what she wanted. This included a stint posing nude for legendary pinup artist Alberto Vargas, whose painting of Mamie graced the cover of the July 1951 *Esquire*.

Of course, men couldn't resist her charms. Besides Howard Hughes, Van Doren's famous bedfellows included singers Eddie Fisher and Elvis Presley, bandleader Ray Anthony, actors Clark Gable, Burt Reynolds, Steve McQueen, Tony Curtis and Warren Beatty, comic Johnny Carson, baseball player Bo Belinsky and football legend Joe Namath.

Van Doren finally settled down in 1979 with husband number five, actor Thomas Dixon. "When I met him, Thomas was so damn young—in his mid-20s," Mamie recalls. "I was just hitting 40. I loved his youth and innocence, plus he could go all night. We were so compatible. Still are!"

In the 1970s Mamie created and starred in a Las Vegas variety act that utilized all her talents: comedy, singing and dancing. Interest in the retired movie star peaked again in 1987 when her in-depth, tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* was published. The book drew a great deal of controversy thanks to Mamie's revelation that she'd had an intense sexual liaison with actor Rock Hudson, who was later outed as gay. To this day, Mamie insists it's true.

"Absolutely!" she exclaims. "I went with Rock to the Golden Globe Awards ceremony. We ended up having sex on the kitchen floor of my parents' house. He not only had a rock in his pants, it was a boulder! He ejaculated on my gown! I never said anything. I just returned the gown to the wardrobe department. That DNA is probably still there!"

Now in her 70s and still turning heads, the captivating cougar lives in the coastal town of Newport Beach, California. Always busy, Mamie is involved in several ventures, including marketing her own brand of wine. She also launched a Web site, **MamieVanDoren.com**, which features a gallery of photographs from the past and present, stories detailing her fantastic career and insightful and intelligent commentary on current events.

Asked to disclose the secret of her eternal beauty, a modest Mamie confides, "I never considered myself beautiful and never really thought about it. I try to stay healthy because I think beauty is from within. It's how you treat yourself and others that makes you beautiful."

Look for an original piece written by Mamie Van Doren in an upcoming issue of HUSTLER.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:

Casi Gray

AGE: 23

STATUS: MARRIED

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 1,046

LOCATION: VISTA, CALIFORNIA

URL: MYSPACE.COM/NEVAEHBLUE

Twenty-three-old Casi Gray isn't your typical girl. First there are her exotic good looks: Her almond-shaped, emerald-green eyes and lithe, 5-foot-5 body turn heads wherever she goes. But how many beauties like to shoot guns in their spare time? Casi also has another unusual hobby, what she calls "ethical computer hacking."

Explains the former IT student, "I've always been interested in the security aspect of computers and technology—in a completely legal way." Despite our prodding, Casi refused to discuss the subject in any more detail.

When she isn't perusing computer manuals or indulging her passion for literature (Charles Bukowski, William S. Burroughs and Kurt Vonnegut), the aspiring model can be found donning everything from a rubber dress with red stilettos to skintight jeans while straddling a tractor.

The self-proclaimed "beauty product addict" also supports this country's armed forces. Late last year Casi met and married a Marine. "I love being married," she says. "I have a thing for men in uniform." Showing appreciation for her husband's military service, the Los Angeles native admits she locks limbs with him at least three to four times per day.

We can't think of a better way to support our troops, Casi!

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #31

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY GREGORY GUTTING PHOTOGRAPHY

Viva Lust Vegas

A Perverse Peek at Porn's Biggest Party: The *AVN* Spectacular

Once a year, during the second week of January, Sin City really lives up to its name. That's when the AVN (*Adult Video News*) Adult Entertainment Expo takes over the Strip. The epicenter for all the filthy fun is the Sands convention center, where two cavernous floors are jam-packed with your favorite XXX stars holding court in a maze of booths while exhibitors peddle lingerie, lube, state-of-the-art sex toys (including a fuckable flashlight) and other provocative merchandise.

For a mere 80 bucks a day you get to literally press the flesh with these fantasy figures. Some of the big names on hand to meet and greet expo-goers this year were Jesse Jane, Stormy Daniels, Sasha Grey, Bree Olsen, Renee Perez, Sunny Lane and Jenna Haze, as well as mainstays Nina Hartley and Ron Jeremy. All were more than happy to sign free autographs and pose for snapshots with appreciative fans.

The traditional high point of the four-day fleshfest is the phenomenal AVN Awards Show. Dubbed the "Oscars of Porn," the high-energy, professionally produced extravaganza features a parade of porn stars walking the red carpet, tear-stained acceptance speeches and unforgettable musical performances. Electrifying the audience this year were Grammy-nominated rapper Flo Rida, T-Pain and the irrepressible Flavor Flav.

Also commanding attention was our publisher. Delivering his second consecutive AVN oration, Larry Flynt focused on the request he and *Girls Gone Wild* mastermind Joe Francis made to Congress for a $5-billion bailout of the adult industry.

As expected, Digital Playground's blockbuster sequel *Pirates II* was the night's big winner. The mega-budget release captured a pile of awards for everything from Best Video Feature to Best Director, Best Actor, Best Makeup, etc.

Hall of Fame inductees for 2009 included Tera Patrick, Lisa Ann, Briana Banks, Jewel De'Nyle, Midori, Mr. Marcus and Lexington Steele.

AVN's next expo has already been scheduled for January 7-10, 2010. Time for you to book a flight and lodging.

Jesse Jane

Meggan Malone & Hanna Hilton

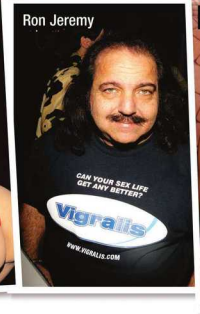
Jessica Drake

Stormy Daniels

Daisy Marie

Roxy DeVille

Ashlynn Brooke



Ron Jeremy

Renee Perez

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Belladonna

A Wicked group grope

Dave Navarro & friend

Some of this year's noteworthy honorees:

Best Film: *Cry Wolf*
Best Sex Comedy: *Not Bewitched XXX*
Best New Starlet: Stoya
Best Actress: Jessica Drake (*Fallen*)
Best Actor: Evan Stone (*Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge*)
Female Performer of the Year: Jenna Haze
Best Supporting Actress: Belladonna (*Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge*)
Best Non-Sex Performance: Nina Hartley (*Not Bewitched XXX*)
MILF/Cougar Performer of the Year: Lisa Ann
The Jenna Jameson Crossover Star of the Year: Katie Morgan
Best Oral Sex Scene: Annette Schwarz (*Face Fucking Inc. # 3*)
Best Girl/Girl Sex Scene: Jesse Jane & Belladonna (*Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge*)
Best Specialty Series: HUSTLER's TABOO
Clever Title of the Year: HUSTLER Video's *Strollin' in the Colon*
(For a complete list, visit AVNawards.com.)

Marie Luv

Teagan Presley

Mandy Morbid, George Savage & Kimberly Kane

Tory Lane

Bubba the Love Sponge & wife Heather

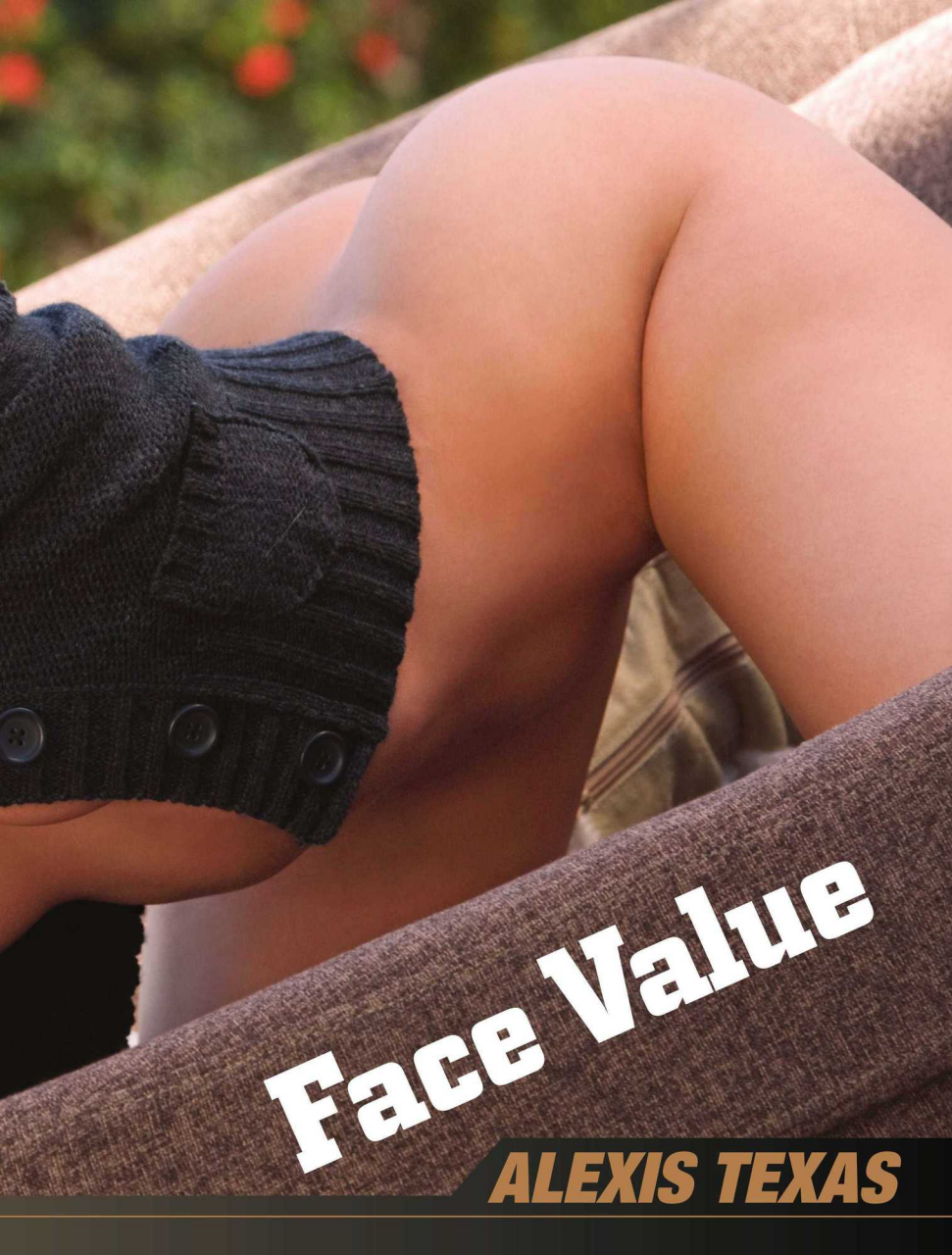
Bree Olson

Gianna Lynn

Victoria Lawson, Jessica Bangkok, Kaelyn Landers

Nina Hartley

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE


Face Value
ALEXIS TEXAS

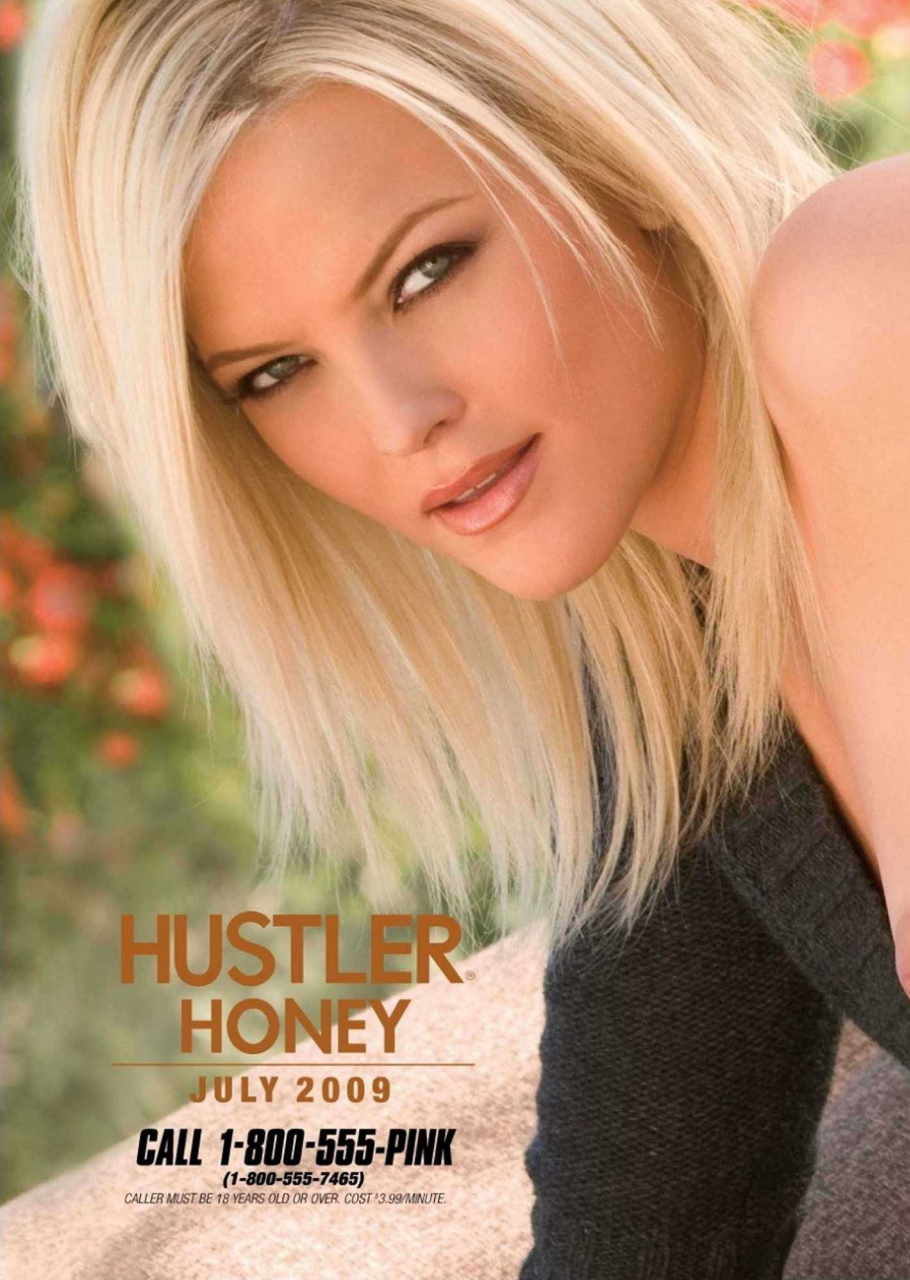
A lot of people expected me to be a mainstream model," declares the less-than-modest **Alexis Texas**. "After all, I do have a beautiful face and great tits. But I also have a nice, big ass. I decided early on there weren't that many girls in porn who look like I do *and* have my ass. I knew that combination could be a big moneymaker."

So did **Alexis** enter the jizz biz just for the dough? "Hell, no!" the onetime barmaid asserts. "You're forgetting the important part. I love sex, especially anal, and being an adult actress means limitless screwing. A lot of girls claim to be nymphomaniacs, but I really am one. I need to get at it at least once a day. I go through boyfriends pretty quickly because most guys just can't keep up."

It looks like the tempting Texan will also be going through a lot of porn stallions before riding off into the sunset. "I've now done over 100 movies," **Alexis** informs us, "and I plan on doing maybe another 100. The one thing I'm really hankering for is to win a major award. I've been nominated as best new starlet by *AVN* and F.A.M.E., but I've never won. I'm gonna keep sucking and fucking in the adult industry until someone gives me a trophy. I deserve that."

See **Alexis Texas** whoop it up in *Ass Appeal #6*, *Barely Legal Bubble Butts* and *Barely Legal Summer Camp #3* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

ALEXIS TEXAS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Abilene, Texas | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-8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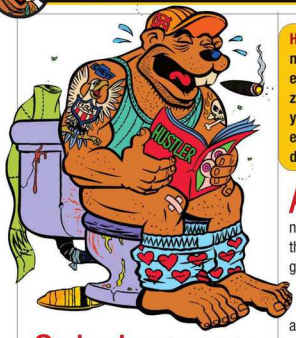
CALL 1-800-555-PINK
(1-800-555-7465)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

Are

You Ready to Come In?
xoxo, Alexis Texas



Quizzing her students on American history, the Kentucky schoolmarm asked Bobby if he knew who signed the Declaration of Independence. "Damned if I know who signed the fucking thing!" was the tyke's shocking reply.

Incensed, the teacher sent Bobby home and told him to bring his dad to school the next day. When father and son showed up, the teacher again asked Bobby who had signed the Declaration of Independence. "Gol dern," he muttered. "I told you yesterday I didn't know!"

At this, the dad jumped up, pointed a stern finger at his son and beseeched, "Bobby, if you know who signed that fucking thing, you'd better damn well own up to it!"

Question: What's the best thing about dating homeless girls?

Answer: You can drop the bitches off anywhere!

While driving down the highway one afternoon, a blonde got a flat tire. Opening the trunk, she pulled out two life-size cardboard figures wearing trenchcoats and exposing their family jewels. She set them up facing traffic and went back to sit in her car.

About ten minutes later a state trooper pulled over and asked the bleached bimbo what the hell was going on. "I have a flat tire," she explained.

"Yeah, but what are those cardboard perverts doing behind your car?!" the puzzled patrolman snorted.

"Hellooooooooo!" the blonde retorted. "They're my emergency flashers!"

HUSTLER says: Every year, more and more money is being spent on breast enhancements and Viagra than on Alzheimer's research. At this rate, by the year 2040 we will see an increase in elderly folks with perky tits and stiff dicks with absolutely no idea why.

An Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman were sitting at a bar, nursing their ales, when flies landed on the heads of each of their brews. The Englishman snootily huffed, "I say, I'll not be downing this tainted flask tonight!"

The Scotsman flicked the fly off his suds and said, "Just a nip, wot? Still drinkable!"

Then the Irishman threw his fly on the counter, wrapped his fingers around the bug's neck and bellowed, "Spit it out, you little bastard! Spit it out!"

Question: What's the difference between Sarah Palin and a headache?

Answer: A headache will eventually go away.

After a long night of boozing and carousing, Ernie stumbled into his car, drove down a street at 60 miles per hour and ran into a fireworks stand, causing a tremendous explosion. Waking up in a hospital hours later, Ernie screamed, "Doctor, Doctor, I can't feel my fucking legs!"

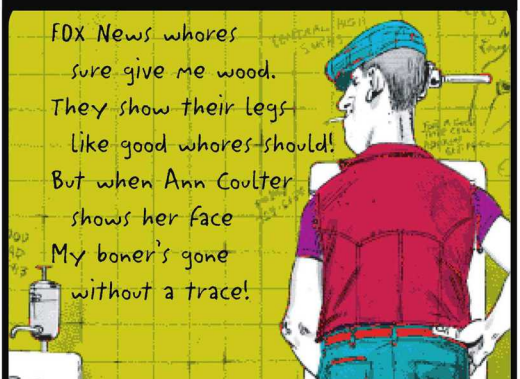
Looking at his patient, the surgeon smugly remarked, "I know. I amputated your arms."

Ellie and Bubba were strolling around the Independence Day county fair, and she kept bitching about the lack of sex they had. Soon the couple came upon a prized bull with a sign proclaiming that the animal had mated 365 times.

"Goddamn, Bubba!" the sex-starved wench exclaimed. "This here bull had sex an average of once a day! You could sure learn a lesson from him!"

"Hey, Ellie," Bubba snidely replied, "go find out if that bull did it 365 times with the same cow!"

GRAFFILTHY

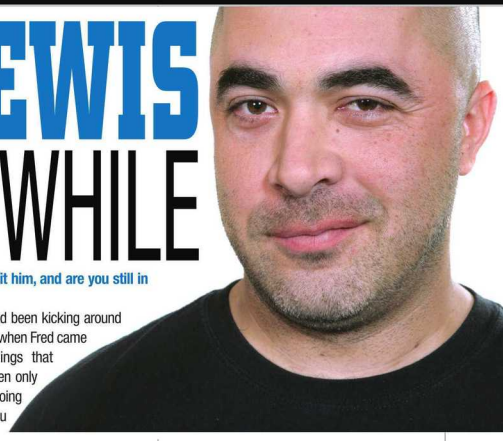


Thanks and $50 go to Robert C.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Hey, what's up, Sam? Your wife and I were just talking about you!"

AARON LEWIS
IT'S BEEN A WHILE



We caught up with Staind frontman Aaron Lewis to discuss the virtues of being an anti-image rock star, his smoking habit and Howard Stern.

HUSTLER: A lot of '90s bands that started when Staind did are now gone, while you guys continue to make solid music. What is the secret to your longevity?

AARON LEWIS: I'm not really sure. I've got a couple of different ideas. First and foremost are our fans. We have the best fans in the world. They are pretty much the reason we're still here. I attribute it to them and the fact that we've never really embraced the machine. I don't really care to see myself on TV. I don't care to go to the award ceremonies and all that stuff. I think that's helped, not oversaturating over the years.

Has it always been about the music, not the image? Are you anti-image?

The music is all it's ever been. What image am I rocking here? Look at me. (*Laughs.*) We are just people that like to make music.

How do you keep the same four guys working together?

Because we can have a blowout and two hours later be over it and move on. A couple of days ago we had a huge blowout, and it's over.

Fred Durst helped introduce Staind to the public. Do you credit him, and are you still in touch?

Absolutely. We had been kicking around for almost five years when Fred came around and did things that other people had been only telling us they were going to do. Next thing you know we were out here in L.A. doing a small show at a club, and then we had a record deal. That was in April '98. I talked to him over this past weekend.

On the surface your music appears depressed and angry. Are you always depressed?

No. At face value I guess you would be correct in your statement. But if you listen to the lyrics of the songs, there is always a twist somewhere. Even on the first couple of records there has been a glimpse of hope somewhere. The glimpses of hope have grown drastically as I've gotten older. I have a wife of ten years and three daughters, which gives me a lot of reasons to be thankful and enjoy life.

Are you happier than ever?

Absolutely. I think that there are songs on this record [*The Illusion of Progress*] that you can go so far as calling optimistic. I would like to hope that fans that have been listening to my music would want me to grow out of that. I can't imagine ten years later feeling the same way that I felt then.

Do you worry that being too happy might have a negative effect on your music?

Some of our original die-hard-from-the-first-album fans have probably said that. (*Laughs.*) I'm happier in my introspective look at myself. There are still plenty of things that piss me off. I don't know if I can write the songs that I used to write about my feelings inside. I'm not going to say those feelings are gone. They never go away.

Has smoking a lot of weed helped you creatively?

(*Coughs.*) I don't know. I don't think that I've ever tried to be creative and not smoke. There aren't too many things that I've done over the past 20 years that I haven't smoked before I did. I can't even say that I've done a HUSTLER interview without smoking first. (*Laughs.*)

In the past 20 years has there been a day you didn't smoke?

Yeah. Not on purpose. (*Laughs.*)

What are those days like?

It depends. There are days like that with the family. My smoking habits at home are considerably different than they are while I'm on tour.

How did Staind's solid relationship with Howard Stern come about?

I don't know. I guess we've been lucky enough to always sound halfway decent in the morning. I love Howard. He is the nicest gentleman you'll ever meet. He has never had a bad thing to say about us. I've heard him go off on other people. To have a friend in the business like that is priceless.

Have you ever performed "The Beetlejuice Song" live outside of the Stern show?

We've had to. Yeah. Acoustically I definitely have on more than one occasion. Not the whole thing though. Just a tease. Because it's so nonsensical. Like Beetlejuice.

What do you do for fun when you're not making music or with the family?

If I'm out on tour, I'm playing golf if I even come off my bus during the day. If I'm home, I have to say my obsession is bow hunting for white-tailed deer. I like to fish. I've lived in the sticks of New England my whole life.

Being a hunter, have you ever thought about calling up Ted Nugent to see if you guys can hang out?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

I'm not that guy. I have a hard time doing things like that. If it naturally happens at one point? Cool. A perfect example: We went to the Neil Young show the other day, and it was all set up for us to meet him. It was after the show, and we were waiting for a bit. I said, "You know what? Let's just go." I don't want to be that guy. It's uncomfortable for me most of the time being on the receiving end of that.

Besides the obvious, what are the differences between a Staind show and your acoustic solo gigs?

A Staind show is a big production. You have to figure out what the set is going to be, and all the production is built around that set. Lights are programmed, and everything has to stay pretty much the same every night as far as the order of the songs.

With the solo thing there is no plan. I don't have a set list. I don't have a master list. I don't have a clue. I just walk out on stage. Usually my guitar tech and I have argued for five minutes. Every night. We argue over what the first song is going to be. I know what the last three songs are going to be.

I don't know what the night is going to bring. I know so many songs, including hundreds of covers. But I don't know what I'm going to play until I start playing.

Will you be releasing a solo acoustic CD?

Yeah, it'll be out sometime between now and the next Staind album and will be all brand-new material.

What is the future of Staind?

You don't really know until you get there. We are at a spot that you're not supposed to get to in the music business. The business is not designed for an artist to make it to this point. Our master plan is to continue doing what we do and try to be in a place of good standing at the end of it all.

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

QUANTUM OF SOLACE

The bastard Bond Daniel Craig returns in this action-packed chapter of the 007 saga. This film feels like a return to form for the long-running franchise. The two-DVD set is packed with extras that would make even Q proud.

BIKINI ROYALE

James Bond not your bag? Check out secret agent Tanya X, the Girl From Bikini, as she returns and goes undercovers (that's right, undercovers) in this sultry, high-stakes thriller. Can Tanya save the world while getting off? Who cares? She's hot!

VOODOO DOLLZ

Need another boob-packed B-movie? This cut-rate classic features the erotic adventures at the Collinsport School for Girls, a finishing school that will make you finish…and quick. Voodoo, magic, sex and a bevy of hot-and-horny chicks. What more do you need?

CHOKE

Written by the dude who scribed *Fight Club*, this gritty comedy follows the absurd journey of a sex-addicted theme park employee as he tries to fuck everything that moves. Sound familiar? This laugh-out-loud, award-winning flick (2008 Sundance Festival) features gut-busting performances by Sam Rockwell, Anjelica Houston and Bijou Phillips.

LOUIS C.K.
Chewed Up

A sea of "stand-up specials" makes it hard for any comedian to stand out. There's a seemingly endless parade of hack, dime-a-dozen blowhards talking shit about life, love and marriage these days. Then there is Louis C.K. The brutally honest and completely original comic is in a class of his own.

ANDY RICHTER CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE:
The Complete Series

Sadly, Conan O'Brien's former sidekick has never gotten the props he deserves. Andy Richter is one funny motherfucker. This, his first failed attempt at sitcom greatness, is hilarious. Sadly, Fox never really gave the show a proper shot. Funnier than *The Office* and with hotter chicks than *Office Space* (including Paget Brewster of *Cold Case* fame), it deserves another look. ■

The Dirty Dozen

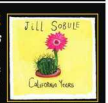
TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

R.E.M.
Murmur: Deluxe Edition

Michael Stipe and company's landmark album gets the deluxe and expanded treatment by adding B-sides and a ripping live concert from the band's heydey. Nothing better than listening to the jangly, country-styled rock of R.E.M. before Stipe learned how to sing actual words.

CASH CASH
Take It to the Floor

Okay, so the band's name is confusing. It conjures up images of a dirty Southern rapper. Get over that and listen to the music. It blends '70s funk with the fun of '80s punk-flavored pop, plus a dash of modern-day angst to create a likable debut. Highlights include "Party in Your Bedroom" and "Breakout."



JILL SOBULE
California Years

The original "I Kissed a Girl" girl returns with yet another slice of clever, hook-laden nirvana. Jill Sobule knows how to write the kind of songs that get stuck in your head. Produced by Don Was, *California Years* may have people saying "Katy Perry who?"

ANDY YORKE
Simple

By releasing a heartfelt, atmospheric rock record, Andy Yorke must have a lot of balls. See, his brother is Thom Yorke, lead singer of mega-successful Radiohead. This record—a simple, stripped-down affair—is so good, it may make you forget Andy's famous brother so and so.

GREAT NORTHERN
Remind Me Where the Light Is

The latest darling duo of the indie rock scene has arrived! Get ready for them, hipster. Great Northern's disc is a melodic slice of heavenly rock à la the Cocteau Twins and Slowdive. Plus, vocalist Rachel Stolte is hot. Really hot.

GAWGA BROWN
Perhaps…

The Atlanta rapper's debut is solid, which is kind of a surprise when you know how we discovered him. Gawga unexpectedly popped by our offices one day and delivered an unmarked CD. Damn, homie has skills! Move over, Lil Wayne. Gawga Brown is taking over. *(continued on page 93)*

Wendy & Lisa

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION

Prince's Former Bandmates Return to Form.

In 1984 the movie *Purple Rain* became a worldwide cultural phenomenon. Wendy Melvoin and Lisa Coleman were there right alongside Prince as the guitarist and keyboardist for the Revolution. We caught up with them to discuss life with Prince, scoring TV shows (including *Heroes*), their latest CD (*White Flags of Winter Chimneys*) and if the water is warm enough.

HUSTLER: Lisa, how did you end up in Prince's band in 1980?

LISA: That was through a friend who was working for a company that was managing Prince at the time. She thought of me. He was looking for a female keyboard player to replace Gayle Chapman. I recorded myself playing some songs and sent in a tape. He liked it and flew me to Minneapolis. And we fell in love. (*Laughs.*)

What was it like going from Los Angeles to Minneapolis?

LISA: It was a complete culture shock. I thought it would be much more relaxed. Having played in bands all my life, I had this image in my mind of what it would be like. Prince himself, as a person, was already trying to act like he was big. He and I talked about this. His philosophy was "Fake It Till You Make It." So he was a little bit separated from the band, and I didn't expect that.

Minneapolis was very cold. I didn't even have a coat. I remember at one of our first gigs I had a blazer on, and there was a blizzard outside. We were being pelted by snow, and Prince looked at me and said, "That's just sad, girl." (*Laughs.*) He had the road manager buy me a coat.

Did you two know each other before Wendy joined the Revolution?

WENDY: We grew up together in Los Angeles. Our fathers were studio guys. We each came from three kids a side. We grew up together as family members, and then we spent a few years apart.

When we were all teenagers, my family went to one side of the country; her family stayed in L.A. When I turned about 15 years old, I came back one summer, and Lisa and I hooked up when we reconnected in our teens and both realized we were gay. (*Laughs.*) We started a relationship that lasted for about 20 years.

LISA: Shocking.

WENDY: I joined the band because of Lisa. I spent some time with her on the road during the *1999* tour. Prince's guitarist [Dez Dickerson] wasn't showing up to sound checks, and I just happened to be there at the right time. I had already been playing guitar since I was very young. Prince heard me play and asked me to join in on a sound check for "Controversy" with the band. Then I went back home to L.A.

Lisa called and said, "He's going to call you." Prince called me that night and asked me to join the band. Nothing was better. I had been a fan of Prince long before Lisa had joined the band.

Was it tough being in a relationship and being in the band?

LISA: No. It was so great because at first I kept leaving to go on the road. That was hard and sad to be apart. Then being in the band together was like a dream-come-true. To have Wendy along and have Prince end up loving her as much as he did and still does. I can say she's probably still his favorite band member that he ever had.

Was it true that Prince would come up with everything and then tell the band what to play?

LISA: There's truth in that.

WENDY: He really did do a lot of that. I think he relied a lot on our takes and feedback. He would come in and say, "This is what I have. How do we enhance this? What do we take away from this? What can you guys offer to this?" That's the way he communicated with us. A lot of times he would hire people in the other bands and his band where he would absolutely walk behind you, take your instrument and say, "Play this." It was usually the right thing.

As professional musicians, was it frustrating to be told what to play?

LISA: No. Not to blow our own horn, but out of anyone in the band the two of us really became creative partners. A lot of the time it depended on the song. Because of the way that Prince works. He is so obsessive. He would be up all night. A lot of songs he would just do all by himself. He knew how to run his gear. He could play all the instruments. He'd get inspired and stay up all night recording a song. He would call in the middle of some nights and ask, "What are you doing?" We'd say, "Sleeping. What are you doing?" He'd say, "I'm cutting."

LISA: "I'm cutting, and you're missing."

What is your most vivid memory about the filming of *Purple Rain*?

WENDY: It was 70 below the day we wrapped. Lisa and I flew back to L.A. for Christmas, and it was 70 above. I'll never forget it because the two of us had to be on set at six in the morning, which meant we needed to be up by 4 a.m. to run downstairs outside to start the car and let it run for an hour-and-a-half before we could get down to the set. Because it was too cold.

LISA: It was a physical challenge. Other than that, there was a really long buildup to it. For a long time, even before Wendy was in the band, we had been talking about making this film, which was going to be called *Graffiti Bridge*. We had been talking about all these little ideas. Prince would ask, "If I wrote this in a film, would you do this?"

We talked about making it realistic but still like a story. Prince always had a notebook and would write things down. There were a couple of years that built up to what ended up being *Purple Rain*. We were talking about it as a cult film. Once he

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

brought in professionals, they decided to make a big film, and the plot changed a lot.

WENDY: What struck me during that time is that Minneapolis was becoming the epicenter of the music scene. As Seattle was for grunge and the Village in New York City for the punk scene, Minneapolis became the scene for a second, and during that time we were doing *Purple Rain*. There was a three-year period where life was in a fishbowl.

LISA: The bowl was First Avenue [a landmark Minneapolis club].

How realistic was the interaction presented in the film?

WENDY: It was sort of like an anime or cartoon version of real life.

LISA: Yeah, a very moody, melodramatic, caricaturized version of the reality.

WENDY: In reality the dynamics weren't even remotely that intense. There were undertones and subtext to all of it, but the film sort of turned it into a cartoon.

Lisa, at the beginning of the song "Computer Blue" you ask, "Is the water warm enough?" What were you making? Tea? Soup? What does that mean?

LISA: I don't know. (*Laughs.*)

WENDY: (*Laughs.*) There really is no mythology to it. Prince said, "Do you guys mind saying this?" That's really all that was.

What motivated you to leave the Revolution?

WENDY: We got fired. (*Laughs.*)

LISA: That's usually a good motivation.

WENDY: Prince wanted to move on. He was ready for the next thing, and we weren't a part of that next thing. It was a difficult time for us. I understand why he did that, and it made sense for him as an artist to want to keep evolving. Everybody does that. David Bowie did that. He didn't stay with Spiders From Mars forever. Prince also was very clear that he wanted to attach a new sexuality to the visual aspect of his career, and that did not include the two of us because we were too much musicians. He knew it, and he was very fair about it.

How hard was it to continue your careers without Prince?

LISA: Creatively, it was really easy. Professionally, it was a puzzle because people expected us to sound more like Prince, expected us to wear certain types of clothes. That was a hard battle with record companies.

WENDY: They wanted us to be like the centerfold for HUSTLER for sure. We have never been that. "Why aren't you wearing a fur coat and sitting on a motorcycle? Why are you wearing baggy jeans and a T-shirt?"

Being women in that scenario was really difficult. The people at Columbia Records kept saying, "Who are you? Where do we place you? We don't know what to do with you and how to market you." We got dropped because no one knew what to do with us. They couldn't find the box to put us in.

How did you get into scoring films and such TV shows as *Crossing Jordan* and *Heroes*?

WENDY: We met [producer] Trevor Horn and [soul singer] Seal and wanted to make a big orchestral pop record like Grace Jones's *Slave to the Rhythm*. We did the song from the film *Toys* ("Closing of the Year") and a full CD that ended up being the most disastrous record that never saw the light of day.

LISA: It was meant to be, because it was the vehicle that brought us to scoring *Dangerous Minds*.

You've also just released your fifth studio CD, the cinematic *White Flags of Winter Chimneys*. Were all the songs on it planned for a pop record?

LISA: They were all made for the record. What was great about making it was it was entirely for ourselves and by ourselves. There was a television writers strike, so *Heroes* took a break, and the strike kept going and going. We had to do something. So we made the record in those months that the writers went on strike. Thanks, writers!

What is the relationship like with Prince today?

LISA: I think it's a lot more comfortable in a lot of ways.

WENDY: It *is* more comfortable.

LISA: He seems really respectful. When we see each other, and he walks in looking all slick….

WENDY: We all give that nudge/nudge, wink/wink.

LISA: And it just breaks into silliness again. One night we went to his house, into his studio/jam room, just the three of us. We got some sounds out and started playing. It was "Oh, yeah! This is great!"

Do you foresee a full Prince and the Revolution reunion?

WENDY: It would be great. Everyone is ready and willing to do it except Prince. It's just not a time he wants to revisit right now. Maybe someday. ■

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

FRIENDLY FIRES
Friendly Fires
Believe the hype! Remember last year when everyone was telling you how cool Vampire Weekend was? Remember when you finally listened to them, and you realized they were cool? Well, Friendly Fires is this year's sensation. Get onboard early with this one.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK & THE VENUS 3
Goodnight Oslo
The oddball rocker reconnects with his sometimes side band the Venus 3 (Peter Buck of R.E.M., Scott McCaughey of Minus 5 and Bill Rieflin of Ministry) for a stark and mellow affair. *Goodnight Oslo* is a return to Hitchcock's roots.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Dark Was the Night
A who's who of alternative rock superstars—including Iron & Wine, Ben Gibbard from Death Cab for Cutie and Feist—comes together for a good cause. The two CDs feature collaborations and covers, all to raise money for the Red Hot Organization, which helps people with HIV.

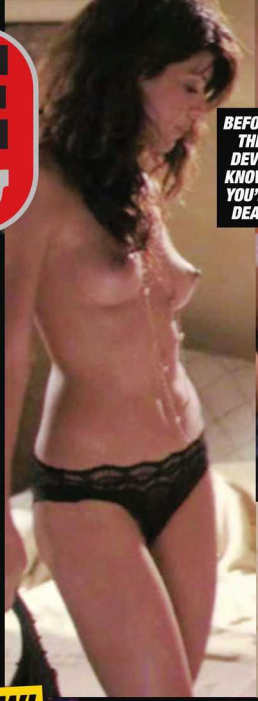
TYRONE WELLS
Remain
Tyrone Wells seems to have a bit of an identity crisis on his CD. Some songs channel the wimpy, piano-driven sound of bands like Coldplay and the Fray. Others rock out with the arena leanings of Nickelback.

COHEED AND CAMBRIA
Neverender: Children of the Fence Edition
With nine discs in all, this may be the most ambitious CD/DVD box set ever released. Witness Coheed and Cambria at New York's Terminal 5, where for four consecutive nights the progressive rock band performed each of their concept albums in chronological order.

THE SOUNDTRACK OF OUR LIVES
Communion
A double-disc set is an ominous undertaking for even the most talented of artists. TSOL pulls it off. Their new 24-track offering is a spacey masterpiece full of epic rock 'n' roll. Electric. Eclectic. Eccentric. Perfect. Now could someone please explain the strange cover art to us?

MOVIE Mammaries

MARISA TOMEI
TOPLESS TOPLINER



BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD

SLUMS OF BEVERLY HILLS

Sure, Marisa Tomei is an Academy Award winner for *My Cousin Vinny* (1992), although some still say that she was accidentally given the Best Supporting Actress statuette when drunken presenter **Jack Palance** read the wrong name. And sure, Marisa has a great sense of humor. Remember the *Seinfeld* episode in which she played herself? But none of that is as important as the films she has done over the years. After all, they showcase the hottie's "true talents." Yes, her breathtaking boobs!

Is there a better way to follow up an Oscar grab than by showing off your breasts for the first time onscreen? We say no. In the terrible tearjerker *Untamed Heart* (1993), Miss Marisa portrays a woman saved from a rape by a dude with a baboon's heart (**Christian Slater**). We aren't kidding about that. Here's our tip: Rent the flick and fast-forward to the one scene where her adorable tatas are clearly visible. Next, *Slums of Beverly Hills* (1998) features a prolonged peek at what should have been Marisa's mams. Sadly, they aren't the real deal; the bosoms belongs to a body double. But Tomei does provide worthwhile titillation, sporting just a bra and panties on two occasions.

Rent These NOW!

THE WRESTLER

FACTOTUM

UNTAMED HEART

A pair of breast-baring movies made 2005 a banner year in Marisa's risqué résumé, and both are worth a second look. *Loverboy* offers an accidental nip slip during a bubble bath, while *Factotum* boasts some awfully believable simulated screwing with costar **Matt Dillon**. Wow, that woman and her pouty peaks sure can act!

Need more of Tomei's tits? You know you do! Check out *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead* (2007) for a heaping helping of the lady's lovely lungs. Those things actually seem to be getting better with age. They are particularly priceless during the movie's highlight: Marisa getting banged doggy-style.

That brings us to the present day and the brunette's topless turn in *The Wrestler* (2008). Although the film is getting rave reviews and awards for Mickey Rourke's performance, we suggest that Tomei's tits are the real attraction. They are out and about for several scenes as Marisa is cast as a stripper with a heart of gold. (Is there any other kind?) There is nothing better than an actress breaking out in a "break-out" film.

Hey, Marisa, we have an award for you. It's ready to be picked up here at HUSTLER any time you want to stop by and show us your knockers. Please?

Remember, HUSTLER delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's an actress you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing **NakedCelebs@LFP.com**.

SHAUNA SAND

BEACH BLANKET BIMBO

Shauna Sand is our favorite kind of gal. Blond, beautiful and out of control, she's what we call a hot mess. As her 40th birthday rapidly approaches, it seems the former *Playboy* Bunny and ex-wife of *Falcon Crest* actor **Lorenzo Lamas** is desperate for a good time. That could explain rumors that she has been showing up drunk in public lately.

Here sexy Shauna is caught in Miami, Florida, enjoying a day at the beach and donning an outfit that could easily be called an "Itsy-Bitsy-Teenie-Weenie Bikini." As always, the scantily clad Miss Sand has her latest anonymous boy toy close by. The only thing that would make these shots more arousing would be if she jettisoned her bathing suit altogether. Hey, Shauna, how about submitting some nude pix to HUSTLER's *Cougars Unleashed*? You know you want to.

Got any photos of rapidly aging Bunnies living dangerously and about to hit the wall? Are they showing off their well-worn crotches? We may buy your pictures to share with the world. Fire off an e-mail immediately to *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

SHAUNA SAND

Catfi

Ever since Willow (blond babe **Diana Doll**) caught her boyfriend fucking Lily (**Madelyn Marie**), these two trash-talkers have hated each other. That kind of tension makes for a perfect catfight. But what exactly is a catfight?

Wikipedia defines it as an altercation between two women that may involve scratching, hair-pulling and the ripping off of clothes as opposed to punching or wrestling. The word *catfighting* can also be used to describe two females insulting each other verbally or being nasty, usually in spats over men. We love it when ladies fight over us!

DIANA DOLL & MADELYN MARIE

ght!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Catfighting hit the height of popularity in the 1970s, as evidenced by Roller Derby and numerous women-in-prison films. Catfights have also been featured in cartoons, beer commercials and movies. (We dig the ones where the combatants wind up naked.)

Whether conducted as sport or personal rivalry, catfights are always intriguing. Comic Jerry Seinfeld once quipped, "Men think if women are grabbing and clawing at each other, there's a chance they might somehow, you know, kiss." We hope to come across women who'll do more than that, ripping each other's clothes off for some hot lesbian action—just as shown here.

Tops courtesy of (and available at) HustlerHollywood.com. To order call toll-free: 866-361-3697.

Another prime example of catfighting's widespread appeal is World Wrestling Entertainment—better known as the WWE—which boasts a number of gorgeous, tough-as-nails divas. We love a good catfight!

See **Diana Doll** in *Young MILFs, Desperate Housewhores: Trophy Wives of Beverly Hills* and *Girls Playing With Girls* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

U.S. Coed Imprisoned in Iran

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

Accused of "propaganda against the state," a **California State University, Northridge** graduate student is incarcerated for almost a month, then not permitted to leave the country.

On October 15, 2008, CSUN graduate student Esha Momeni was driving back to her family's residence in Tehran, Iran. Claiming she'd unlawfully passed another vehicle, plainclothes officers pulled Momeni over. According to the grassroots organization One Million Signatures Campaign for Equality, officers drove her the rest of the way home, where they found on-camera interviews she'd conducted with activists in the Iranian women's movement.

The communications major, who is a member of the group's California branch, had intended to round out her master's thesis by making a film dispelling the image of Iranian women as "passive victims." (The Campaign for Equality is committed to ending discrimination against women under Iran's Islamic law.)

> **"The unflinching willingness to speak the truth and contribute to understanding…was exactly what…Esha was seeking to accomplish."**

The 28-year-old dual national was arrested and taken to Tehran's Evin Prison. One notorious wing, administered by the Intelligence Ministry of Iran, is reserved for political prisoners. Prisoners have included Dariush Zahedi—a professor at the University of California, Berkeley—who was held on espionage charges. Zahedi was acquitted and released in 2004. A year earlier, Zahra Kazemi was arrested for taking photographs in front of the prison. The Iranian-Canadian photojournalist died while incarcerated, with indications she'd been beaten, raped and tortured.

Momeni was charged with "propaganda against the state." Iranian officials told her family that if it did not publicize the arrest, Momeni would be released quickly. Five days later, with Momeni still in jail, her family went public.

After 25 days in solitary confinement (in a tiny cell), without access to a lawyer or her family, Momeni was released on $200,000 bond. As collateral, her family surrendered the deeds to their two homes in Tehran. Since then, Iranian officials have continued to provide contradictory information regarding Momeni's status.

In a statement released in early December 2008, judiciary spokesperson Ali Reza Jamshidi told American newspapers no travel restrictions had been imposed. However, according to friends and family, officials continued to hold onto Momeni's identification documents, thus preventing any possible return to the U.S.

In mid-January 2009, Jamshidi released this news: "Ms. Momeni was banned from leaving Iran a week ago. Her passport had been given to her, but a new issue has opened, and the examination of this issue will take about one month."

To publicize Momeni's plight, friends and fellow students at CSUN have launched a Web site (**for-esha.blogspot.com**). They have gathered more than 4,000 signatures on a petition asking the Iranian government for her safe return. Additionally, university administrators have requested Congressional and federal intervention.

Among those concerned is Professor Melissa Wall—Momeni's thesis adviser—who recommended that the CSUN student not travel to Iran. But Momeni was determined to undertake the research, believing its importance outweighed the risks. Wall has stated that it is not the school's practice to thwart student research and academic inquiry.

PHOTO COURTESY FOR-ESHA.BLOGSPOT.COM

Family, friends and professors describe Esha Momeni as bright, compassionate, creative and beautiful. Although born in Southern California while her father, Reza, attended CSU-Los Angeles, she was raised in Iran, the Momeni family having returned to its homeland in the early 1980s. Esha, who earned a degree in graphic design from Tehran's Azad University, wished to resume her studies in America, arriving at CSUN about two years ago. As a scholar and activist, she hoped to draw attention to Iran's traditional practice of honor killings, the granting of citizenship to a woman only after she is married and the silencing of free speech.

"The academy [CSUN] seeks the free and open discovery and sharing of knowledge," Professor Wall declared on her personal blog. "The unflinching willingness to speak the truth and contribute to understanding…was exactly what…Esha was seeking to accomplish. She is a videographer who was simply interviewing Iranian women. She has broken no laws, has not done anything wrong."

Momeni was scheduled to receive her master's degree from Cal State Northridge in June.

Robin Witt is a junior at California State University, Northridge. A part-time freelance writer, she is majoring in gender and women's studies and minoring in English.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 129 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Samara Mae: University of Washington Tacoma

"I'm a free bird in a puritanical society," proclaims this UWT junior, whose major encompasses sociology, psychology and anthropology. "I was raised Mormon, but I'm a let-loose kind of girl. I have a few shirts that anger people."

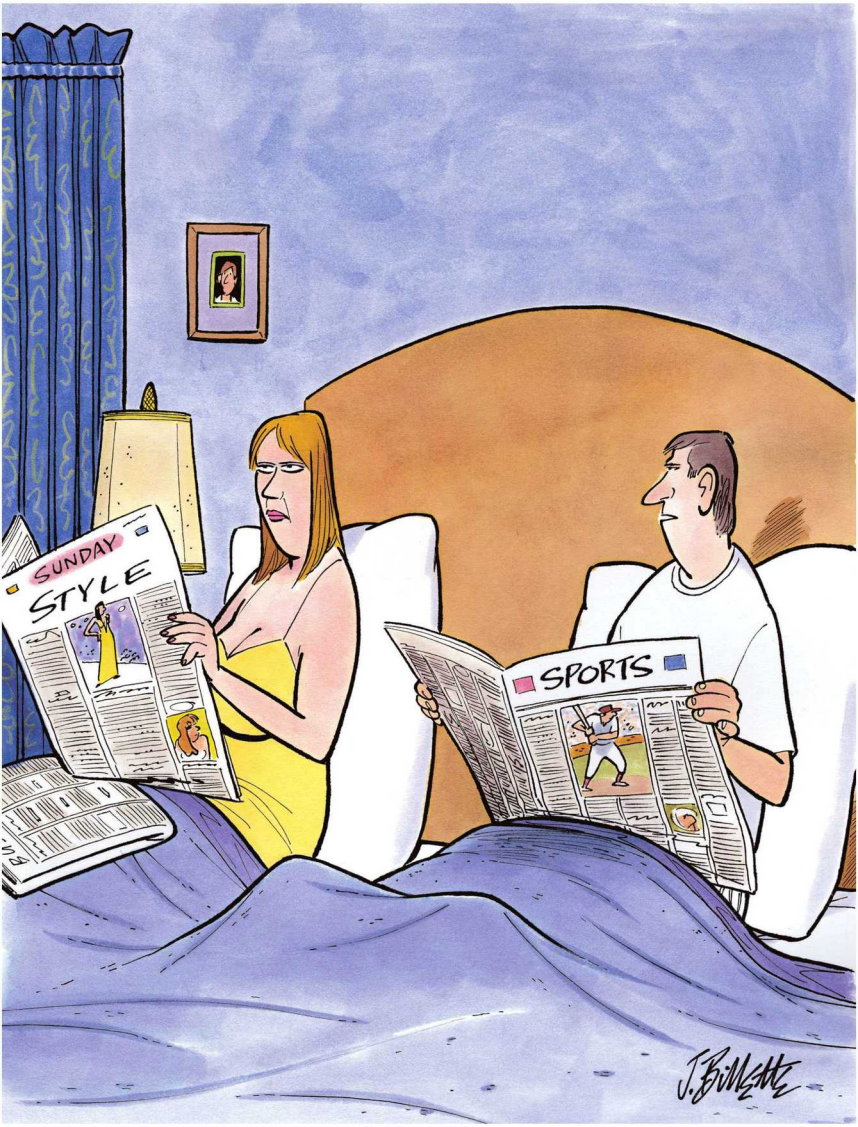
Now spunky Samara Mae, 22, gets to reveal what *arouses* people. "I'm very comfortable with my body," the 5-foot-2 nude-modeling buff avows. "I like being photographed."

The brazen coed—a "virtual vegan" whose extracurricular interests also include writing, drawing, networking and *Guitar Hero*—aces her open-book exam on sex. "I don't eat much from a slaughterhouse," Samara Mae reckons, "but I love man meat and hot pussy. I have no gag reflex, so I can deep-throat. I love being fucked in the ass too. I randomly go with the flow."

That's apparent as Samara Mae recalls a human sexuality course: "We got to watch educational porn. I was the only one who wasn't a freaked-out ninny. There was even a chart showing how diet determines the taste of cum, proving my own extensive research. After each class my panties were so wet I had to run into the girls' room and masturbate."

For a self-assessment, Samara Mae acknowledges, "I try to be more than eye candy and a place to put a dick. I'm young and playful, but most importantly I want to learn and better myself."

—Photos by Big Daddy



"Have you seen the obituary page? Your pussy's on it."

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Not Three's Company XXX *(but it sure looks like it): Brynn Tyler does her best Suzanne Somers.*

Not Three's Company XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO/X-PLAY. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: PENNY FLAME, BRYNN TYLER, MADISON SCOTT, JENNY HENDRIX, ROXY JEZEL, ALLYSA HALL, SIENNA WEST, NINA HARTLEY, VAN DAMAGE, TOMMY GUNN, DINO BRAVO, ERIC SWISS & SCOTT LYONS.

Seventies hit *Three's Company* always seemed like a porn flick with the fuck scenes deleted, so this spoof isn't much of a stretch. The plot is formula setup: The kids are short on the rent, so Chrissy gets a job. But, oh no, Jack and Janet think she's turning tricks! Since *NTCXXX* lacks the neurotic urgency that made the TV series so addictive, you'll be happy when the skintight hot pants come off. Brynn Tyler as ditzy Chrissy and Penny Flame as perky (and strap-on-sporting) Janet are stroke-worthy, but one of the best things about Will Ryder's sitcums is that he doesn't skimp on the supporting cast. Madison Scott is a dickthrobber as Chrissy's horny little sister, Roxy Jezel gets a welcome cameo as Janet's gal pal, and Sienna West earns the laugh track hoops and hollers as Jack's stalker Lana, just to name a few. This vid falls flat more than it should (maybe Ryder is churning them out too fast), but it's fun, and the fucking is solid. You might even whack off to it more than you do to those old reruns. ***—M.J.***

XXX *doll Jenny Hendrix realizes she's banging Mr. Furley…*

…as Penny Flame and Roxy Jezel reveal the truth about Janet.

*Stormy and friends gladly pay **The Price of Lust**.*

***Price**-less: Lindsey Meadows and Amber Rayne (below) get what they deserve.*

The Price of Lust

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: STORMY DANIELS, AMBER RAYNE, LINDSEY MEADOWS, RANDY SPEARS, SASCHA, VOODOO & MARK WOOD.

If the Lifetime Channel showed hard-core, it would probably look like this. Wicked's contract bombshell Stormy Daniels directed her own latest vehicle and manages some real suspense in a standard setup. Things warm up with lithe newlywed Lindsey Meadows getting banged by her guy in the kitchen. Domestic bliss! But the main attraction is Stormy herself, who saunters into the flick as their boozing, predatory new neighbor. *The Price of Lust* injects life into the old swinging-in-the-suburbs formula, giving Stormy and her supporting stars plenty of dramatic tension and revenge-fuck nastiness to sink their teeth into. The eroto-drama is aimed at the couples market, but the core is plenty hard, with scorchers like Meadows's seduction of Stormy's roaming hubby and Stormy's own wild payback screw in the bathroom of the local bar. Apparently the price of lust is more lust! We even get a gratuitous scene with Amber Rayne—*AVN*'s Unsung Starlet of the Year—that'll have you crooning. Ms. Daniels has become one of porn's most viable leading ladies, skillfully directing, delivering dialogue and taking mouthfuls of cum all in the same movie. Kate Winslet, the ball's in your court! Unstoppable Stormy's even become a political force. Check out our story on her senatorial ambitions on the next page. ***—M.J.***

STORMY DANIELS for Senator!

THE XXX GODDESS EYES A RUN FOR U.S. SENATE TO BOOT OUT DISGRACED LOUISIANA HYPOCRITE DAVID VITTER

Sick of being represented by right-wing crooks and liars, fans of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, native Stormy Daniels launched the Draft Stormy campaign in early 2009 to convince the Wicked Pictures contract star to oust disgraced philanderer David Vitter from his U.S. Senate seat in 2010. Honored by the attention, Stormy seized the day, pledging in a string of TV and radio appearances to champion the causes that personally concern her, including "protecting our children, defending our First Amendment rights and tackling the economic challenges that all Americans are facing in these difficult times."

Vitter became a pariah within the Republican Party and resisted heavy pressure to resign when Larry Flynt revealed in 2007 that Vitter's number was listed in the D.C. Madam's phone records as a client. HUSTLER also tied the antiporn, family values blowhard to hookers in his home district of New Orleans.

For voters sick of political hypocrisy, Stormy—elegant, articulate, gorgeous and *honest*—is the perfect choice. "Everything's out in the open," she says. "I have no hidden agenda."

One very apparent goal is her resolve to put Vitter's sanctimonious past back in the forefront of Louisiana voters' minds. "I personally have no issues with his sexual activities," Stormy asserts. "My issue with him is that he is a hypocrite. Call me what you will, but you can't call *me* a hypocrite."

Vitter may be familiar with sex professionals, but he hasn't faced a challenger like this before. In addition to calling him out on his two-faced morality and attacks on free expression, Stormy trumps the senator when it comes to the practical realities of safeguarding children from her own industry. The hardcore star is a longtime activist for the Association of Sites Advocating Child Protection (ASACP), a nonprofit dedicated to eradicating online child porn and preventing kids from exposure to inappropriate material.

Regarding a possible Senate run, Ms. Daniels acknowledged, "I realize that an undertaking of this sort is something that one should not enter into lightly. Only after careful consideration will I decide whether to pursue this unique opportunity."

Give 'em hell, Stormy! —*M.J.*

*Lisa Ann and Julia Ann pump **Oil** while Kristina Rose (inset) swallows sweet crude.*

Oil Overload #2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: ADRIANNA NICOLE, PHOENIX MARIE, KELLY DIVINE, LISA ANN, JULIA ANN, KRISTINA ROSE, JAYDEN JAYMES, CAPRI CAVALLI, RICKI WHITE, CODI CARMICHAEL, ERIK EVERHARD, MARK ASHLEY, MR. PETE, STEVE HOLMES & TONI RIBAS.

With movies like this being made, it's no wonder the oil industry logs record profits. *002* features some of porn's best-looking hourglasses dousing themselves with buckets of lube and grinding out some great copulation. This is decadence supreme, with Jules Jordan's excellent camerawork catching all the slurping, glistening action. Lisa Ann (porn's Sarah Paylin) and Julia Ann put the finale on disc 1 with a great tag-team fuckmatch. Then Kelly Divine kicks off disc 2 with what is billed as her first DP (double penetration). Wouldn't you know it, they paired her up with two long-dong black dudes. Kelly's lucky this is an oil orgy! Lost somewhere in this greasy bacchanalia is Adrianna Nicole, who's rendered nearly unrecognizable when the slick smears her troweled-on makeup. (Check out our Adrianna Q&A on opposite page.) Of course, the whole business ends with another orgy. Pity the poor saps who had to clean up after this production. ***—M.J.***

***Overload:** Kelly Divine enters the DP zone as Phoenix Marie gets a lube job.*

"Women Are Tougher Than Men!"

THE FEARLESS ADRIANNA NICOLE

When HUSTLER caught up with XXX goddess Adrianna Nicole, we made sure to do it *from behind*. The anal-ready San Francisco native has stunned viewers with her apparent disdain for boundaries, plunging into bondage, double penetration, fisting and other activities that make our lawyers nervous.

HUSTLER: What's the difference between San Francisco girls and the Porn Valley variety?

ADRIANNA NICOLE: I'd sum it up as "the look vs. the act." The Bay Area is very sexually permissive, so the girls that come out of there are open to a wider range of sex acts and are a bit filthier than their L.A. counterparts, many of whom arrive here from across the U.S.

How did you go from vaginal girl to extreme queen?

I started out doing still photos in San Francisco, then Internet shoots there and in New York. My first boy/girl scene was in L.A. I think it took me a couple of shoots to find myself and what felt right for me.

Do you get roles now because of how far you'll go?

Directors have a certain type of performer they gravitate towards, and I've been lucky to shoot for directors that like my brand of filth. Some directors have a hands-off approach and want to document the intensity of the performers together after casting two equally dynamic people. Others like to micromanage each performance.

What about getting smacked around? Do men and women react differently?

Women are a lot tougher than men. In my experience, men who submit to a woman on film can't keep up with what their submissive female counterparts are doing.

Any chance of some spontaneous fisting, just to test that out?

Not today.

Is your personal sex life anything like your porn life?

My first DP was on camera. I'd had a ton of group sex, but DPs were not on the home menu until after I'd shot one on camera. Everything else I was already doing! —*Gram Ponante*

It's a gusher! Adrianna heats up ***Oil Overload #2.***

Bree Olson and Tori Black (right) take ***One Last Ride.***

One Last Ride

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: DAVID LORD. STARRING: BREE OLSON, TORI BLACK, MIA LELANI, JAMIE LaMORE, BARRETT BLADE, BEN ENGLISH, CHRIS JOHNSON & DERRICK PIERCE.

This one starts dark as shit, with Bree Olson bitching at herself in a mirror. Apparently she's on the bad end of a murder setup. Flashback (not a moment too soon) to a standard fuck scene with our corn-fed heroine: It's the usual set of positions, and since this is morose, crime-thriller Bree—rather than the bubbly babe we've come to know and love—things are noticeably low-key. But even somber, she's still fleshy and fuckable as always. It turns out Bree and her gal pals are a gang of bungling carjackers who fuck random toughs along the way. Ironically the best scene is Bree's one-on-one with cute bottle blonde Jamie LaMore. Sick of the dicks that populate this seedy underbelly, they end up in a girl crush and run away together. Who can blame them? On balance, there's more screen time devoted to dialogue and plucky acting attempts than to the mostly mediocre sex scenes, but if you're addicted to cheesy, nihilistic crime dramas, you can con yourself into thinking *One Last Ride* is two hours well-spent. ***—M.J.***

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IT'S WAY TOO BIG
ASIAN ADVENTURE #2
BIG PHAT BLACK GHETTO AZZ #3
MASSIVE BOOBS
FARMER'S FILTHY LIL' DAUGHTER #2
MY BOYFRIEND IS NAILIN' MY MOM #2
ASIAN FEVER #37
DARK MEAT #3

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

Kacey Jordan celebrates her cumming of age in ***Barely Legal #80.***

Double **Bubble**: Monica Mattos (above) and Milene Rispoli bring up the rear.

Bubble Butt Latinas

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: SUZANE RIOS, ALINE FISHER, MONICA MATTOS, LORENA AQUINO, MILENE RISPOLI, VITOR COWBOY, VITOR ASSUNCAO, IGOR SUMMERS, SANDRO & CARLOS BAZUCA.

You have to go pretty far south of the border to find some authentic bubble butts of the Latina persuasion, so it's no suprise that the standouts on this disc are Brazilian faves Monica Mattos and Suzane Rios. Monica, who was *AVN*'s Female Foreign Performer of the Year in 2008, proves why she's one of Brazil's hottest exports. On the whole, though, these have to be some of the quietest Latinas we have ever seen. How they take dicks up the ass like that without more than a few whimpers is beyond us, but it's kind of sweet. Maybe they just didn't want to disturb the neighbors. That said, *BBL* is worth a spin for the amount of butt-fucking alone. The great thing about anal is there's no bamboozle. Either that cock is in that sweet ass or it isn't. These days it's nice to have something to rely on. —M.J.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW BECK

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Sung to the tune of "Surf City" (Written by Brian Wilson and Jan Berry)

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and we're getting a woody.
Sex City, here we come.
You know they're both horny,
so it's gonna get gooey.
Sex City, here we come.
Well, these chicks have no boundaries,
and that's what we're into.
Gonna fuck 'em, gonna suck 'em.
You know you would too.

And we're goin' to Sex City
'cause it's two on one.
You know we're goin' to Sex City,
gonna have some fun.
You know we're goin' to Sex City
'cause it's two on one.
You know we're goin' to Sex City,
gonna blast some cum.
Two girls for every boy.

Picked them up on the street,
but they're not hookers.
Sex City, here we come.
Just a coupla hot sluts
looking for a good screwing.
Sex City, here we come.
Yeah, and there's two
swinging honeys for every guy.
And it's nice to see
that both chicks are bi.
And if my woody breaks down,
they could handle themselves.
Sex City, here we come.
They would use a strap-on
and hit all the highs.
Sex City, here we come.

And when I get to Sex City,
I'll be shooting my load.
Looking at these hot sluts
will make you explode.
Two girls for every,
two girls for every boy.

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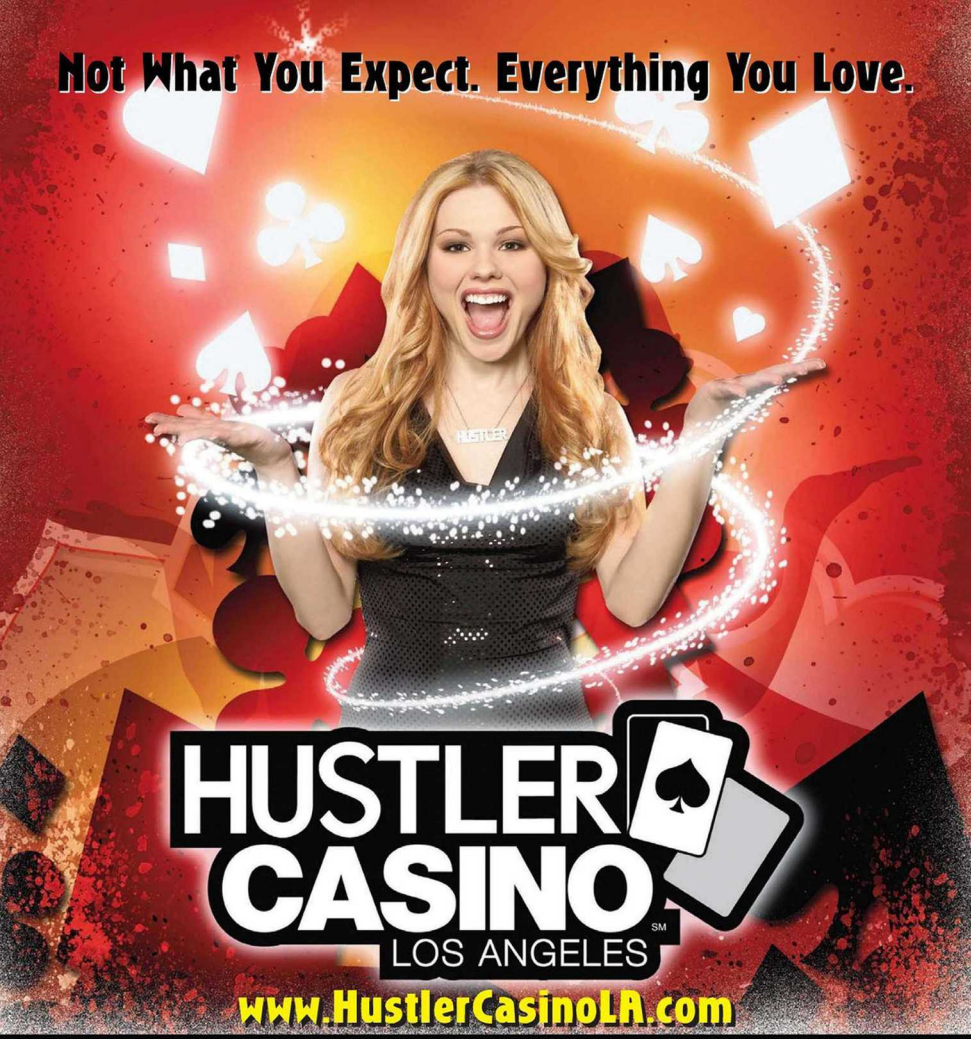

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"I always knew I couldn't trust her, but I am really disappointed in *you*, Charley!"

BRANDI

Bestowed gets-the-ball-rolling honors for our 35th-anniversary roundup is this perky customer service person from Larry Flynt's birth state, Kentucky. "I wanted to do something different," chirps Brandi, 21, a Covington resident who's "way less conservative than people think; it works out in my favor." So will our greenbacks for getting butt naked and sharing a few personal tidbits. The 5-foot-7 newbie is most obliging: "I'm into art, hard rock (Korn being my favorite group), rap, horror movies, *That '70s Show* (it's hilarious) and sex. Let's just say I'm straight and very wild. Late one night I had sex in the back of a Greyhound bus heading to Florida." Like our boss, Brandi is a gambler, but she doesn't handle cards. "I play a game with a cool set of dice," she explains. "One die has six body parts; the other has various sexual acts that must be performed. That works for me because I love having no control." Brandi rolls two more revelations: "Some guys wish I was up for anal, but everyone likes my smile." Which one? —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"During sex I love being overpowered and feeling helpless. I'm not a bitch; I'm a toy!"

TINA

Born in 1974, the year HUSTLER premiered, this nurse from far-off Debrecen, Hungary, has now fulfilled her dream of "being in your magazine." Tina tells us, "I have a nylon stocking and underwear fetish. I also like being covered in whipped cream for my husband to lick off, and that's not all he licks. I eventually suck his penis, then satisfy him with my feet, all while we are watching a kinky movie." —Photos by Lady Friend

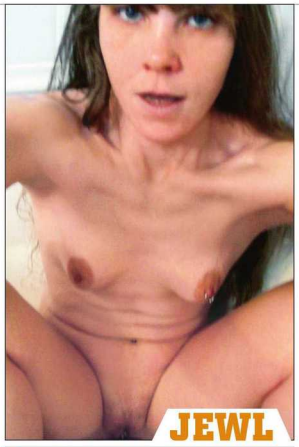
KANDI

For a dash of Dixie sweetness, not to mention the classic "Think Pink" shot, we now present Kandi, 22. "I'm very outgoing, hardworking, rambunctious and uninhibited," coos the 5-foot-8 nurse's assistant from college town Athens, Georgia. "I've liked being naked in front of a camera ever since I made some sex tapes with my future ex-beau. See, I'm hoping to become a porn star." Turning to her carnal résumé, Kandi continues, "I sure love doggy-style with a fella and being eaten out by a girl. I also love eating pussy. I like girls a lot. I was in an orgy with five girls once. You could say we all got carried away." Who couldn't like Kandi a lot? —Photos by Friend

"I love gettin' it from behind!"

"I'm not shy when it comes to showing off my body," declares Heather, 19, a mom and certified caregiver from Washington, Missouri. "I like the attention, but in public I sometimes get *too* wild. One night at a strip club a dancer brought me up onstage, and I took off my clothes. But I'm not looking to go into that, and I'm only doing your mag for fun." Of course, the 5-foot-5 Show-Me Stater has other ways to enjoy herself: "I love going out, networking, watching *Law and Order: SVU*, studying porn and having sex. I'll try anything, but girl-on-top rocks. And for the record, I'm bi only when I've been partying." For a fantasy, Heather—who's had her way with a dude in the rear of a gal pal's SUV as it barreled down a highway—delivers "a threeway with a guy and another girl." —Photos by Friend

"I like watching porn and trying to do what I see. I really get off when a man takes control and has his way with me."



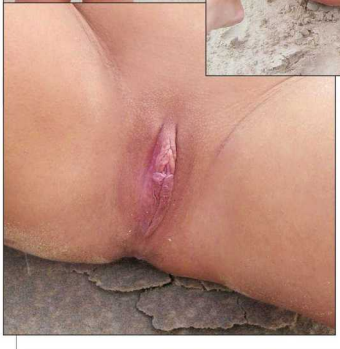
Hailing from sleepy Addison, New York, Jewl toils as a graveyard-shift machinist, but at home the 5-foot-7 skin-mag rookie is a "country girl" with an apropos hobby: farming. "I have 29 goats and one cow," Jewl enumerates before explaining her desire to send nude snapshots our way: "Just for the experience of it, I guess. I'm between husbands, so I thought I'd do something different. I'm actually very bashful." And youthful. It's hard to believe she's 37. Belying her professed "normal sex drive,"Jewl fantasizes about "chartering a boat and having sex under Niagara Falls." —Photos by Jewl

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

LANE

"I've liked being naked for as long as I can remember," asserts this "aspiring model and sweet, single party girl" from Mesquite, Texas. "I was one of those kids who never wanted to wear clothes. Now I'm 25 and still don't. Every year I flash at Mardi Gras, and I've vacationed at Hedo 2 and Hedo 3 [Caribbean nude resorts]. I love being looked at by hot guys." Lane—whose clothed pastimes include "shopping, movies, clubbing, watching *Dr. Phil* and going out to eat"—might qualify as a hedonist herself. "I'm bi but partial to guys, I'm very dominant, and everything I do in bed can get kinky," she fesses up. "I'll put a collar on a guy's neck and 'walk' him to my pussy." As for her preferred "Fuck me!" position, the 5-foot-7 sushi and Top 40 music fan insists, "Ya gotta switch 'em up! The same ones get boring after a while." Even fast-food jaunts may rate extra pizzazz: "I've thought about wearing only my smile when I roll up to the pickup window at a drive-thru." Sounds like Lane will scoot off with a free meal, leaving an awestruck cashier behind. —Photos by Friend

"I hope to have sex on a beach during my next Caribbean vacation!"



"I want to come back here and have me a threesome!"

BAMBI

"I love taking nude pics at the beach," states this "spontaneous and promiscuous" nurse from Norman, Oklahoma, who stripped down at Texas's Padre Island for her *Beaver Hunt* debut. Bambi, 33, is also into "online shopping, skating, basketball, football and TV's *Family Guy*," but she's no Lois Griffin. "I'm a good cook, I hardly ever wear clothes when I'm home, and I'm always ready to have fun no matter where I am," the 5-foot-2 newcomer maintains. "I'm up for *everything* and not just with my husband. I really get off having two stiff cocks fucking me hard at the same time, and I have to thank my guy for that. He likes watching me have sex with other people." Although Bambi probably won't ever run for governor of Oklahoma, she has surpassed Alaska's in one way: "Sarah Palin is definitely beautiful, but she needs to watch what she says. I can say I was a Beaver before Sarah Palin." And right before a Sarah who hasn't been dubbed a Caribou Barbie! —Photos by Husband

SARAH

HUSTLER's 35th-anniversary amateurs just had to include a denizen of Columbus, Ohio—where this mag was launched—and here she is. Sarah, 37, who works at a pet store, laments not dropping in sooner. "I was too shy, too backwards once, but not now," she avows. "I think I look good for my age. I'm excited to be a Beaver!" But the 5-foot-4 nature lover is more than that. "My hobbies are horseback riding, hiking and being a nymphomaniac," Sarah confides. "If someone asks me to have sex, I never say no. I don't know if I'm bi. I prefer men, but I've been with a lot of women as well. Been there, done that in many ways. I like my phat—P-H-A-T—pussy eaten by someone who does it very well and makes me squirt. I'm also keen on giving head. Really, you can't do one without the other." Sarah has fulfilled "almost all my fantasies," but not the one involving her fave TV show, *The Unit*: "It has a lot of hot guys. I'd like to do *their* units!" —Photos by Friend

LEAH

Just like HUSTLER, this "fun" retail clerk from San Juan, Puerto Rico, celebrates July birthdays. "I enjoy being photographed when I'm naked," admits the soon-to-be 20-year-old. "I like the idea of guys seeing my bare body and getting horny." Leah also digs "going to the beach, dancing, *Everybody Loves Raymond* and spending time with my friends." In addition, the 5-foot-3 cutie pie spends a lot of time on all fours. "I love doggy-style!" Leah exclaims. "The guy can pull my hair, bite my neck and slap my ass." But that's not all: "Anal is hot!" As she bids adios to life as a teenager, Leah muses, "Two guys did me at once on my last birthday. Not sure if I can outdo that this year. We'll have to see." —Photos by Friend

"Go to town, boys! That's why I'm in my birthday suit!"

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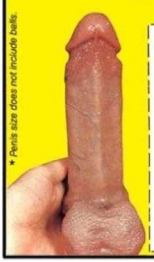

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Bedroom Eyes

SADIE WEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

A lot of people assume that because I'm a porn star, I'm easy," supple **Sadie West** reflects. "Not true. In my personal life you have to wine and dine me to get into my bedroom. It's really tough to find someone who'll accept me for me. After all, most guys don't like to think their girlfriend is fucking other guys all day long. But hey, that's my job!"

Does sexy **Sadie** have any hobbies? "I work a lot these days," the hopeless romantic replies, "so when I get time off, I become a real couch potato. I love to just hang out in my sweats and watch old black-and-white movies. My favorite is *Casablanca*. I hope someday to find a nice guy to do that with. For now it's just me and my dog. He's kind of my baby. I guess my other hobby would be masturbating. Can that be a hobby?"

Is **Sadie** in the adult business for the long run? "That's a real tough question since I never really think about the future. I just enjoy each day as it comes. I like doing porn, but I hope to meet Mr. Right and have kids someday. Of course, that would take an understanding guy, and no one wants to settle down with a porn star. Men just want to fuck one. That's cool…for now."

SADIE WEST'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Diego | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 110

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COMING NEXT

EXCLUSIVE Q&A: BUBBA THE LOVE SPONGE

Meet the good ol' boy whose wacky stunts and ballsy platitudes have vexed the FCC while captivating the masses. Tune in next month as Bubba discusses his lexicon of perverse catchphrases and how he grabbed a slot on Howard Stern's satellite radio channel.

VIRGIN'S BIG-BUCKS AUCTION

For the high roller who has everything, Natalie Dylan offered an item more precious than diamonds, gold or a spanking-new Rolls-Royce: her virginity. While waiting to be deflowered at the Moonlite BunnyRanch, the 22-year-old hottie explains why she launched the most provocative auction in history. Would you pay millions of bucks to pop Natalie's cherry?

A DAY IN THE LIFE: PORN STAR JAYME LANGFORD

Besides being an *AVN* Award contender, Jayme Langford is a college student aspiring to be a cosmetic surgeon. With writer Justin Hampton riding shotgun, the young charmer rambles around Los Angeles, shedding light on her professional, personal and academic lives.

PING-PONG POONTANG

Bangkok, Thailand's red-light district is the most popular place in Southeast Asia to find a swarm of gals peddling sexual delights. As Nicole McClelland reports firsthand, some of them even take the stage at go-go bars to perform all sorts of peculiar tricks with their twats.

DIRTY POLITICS OF FOOD: WHO'S TRYING TO KILL YOU?

In Part 2 of our comprehensive exposé, Science Editor-at-Large Debbie Epstein details the personal and environmental hazards of Frankenfoods (food derived from genetically modified plants and animals). The grim reality is that pharmaceutical companies, farmers, processors and the FDA are all part of a mad science experiment, and we're the guinea pigs!

PERIL, SEX AND SADISM

Mags like *Saga* and *Stag* were the rage from the 1950s until the early '70s. It's easy to see why. Luring readers to the racy tales inside were covers depicting scantily clad damsels at the mercy of savage beasts, not to mention Nazi madmen and sinister Teutonic babes.

TAYLOR VIXEN

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